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The Huguenot Lovers

A Tale Of The Old Dominion
(1889)



Collinson Pierrepont Edwards Burgwyn



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THE HUGUENOT LOVERS.

A TALE OF THE OLD DOMINION.

BY

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TO
THE MEMORY OF THOSE OF MY PEOPLE WHO HAVE
SUNK TO THEIR ETERNAL REST WHEN OBEY-
ING THEIR COUNTRY'S LAWS, THIS
CREATION IS DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

In the autumn of 1888 the Author was engaged in assisting at the transferring of the Monitor fleet from City Point to an anchorage near Richmond, Va. After the heavy vessels were under way, there was an interval of several hours each day, in which he had no duties to perform, and it was during this brief respite from the demands of a busy professional career that most of these pages were written.

The Author offers to the critical public this explanation of the circumstance of the writing, in order that they may find excuse for a possible abruptness in some of its parts. He also asks indulgence for his effort at portraiture of the characteristic of devotedness in the negro. If an excuse is needed for this, he trusts that it will be found in his desire to put upon record, so as to be remembered whenever this book is read, the act of one of that race who protected the dead body of his brother on the battle-field of Gettysburg.

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CHAPTER I.

THE JOURNEY.

It was on a cold bleak day in the early part of March, when the north-west wind had blown for several days until it seemed as if the life would be frozen from out of every animate thing, that a young girl sat in the bay-window of a comfortable house on Beacon street, in Boston.

She had just come in from an outdoor walk, enforced by her great love for the pure air, and was sitting in the sunshine of a dying winter day, endeavoring to draw from Nature, some of the vivifying effects of the glorious sun-rays.

The cold damp air had benumbed her sensibilities, and she was slowly recovering her animation from the

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artificial warmth of a steam-heated room. The prospect before her indeed was glorious. There had been a sleet, and all the trees of the Common and Public Garden, were covered with icicles and tiny particles of ice, which, forming prismatic colors, lit up the landscape with a thousand hues. There was the Charles river, lashed into fury by the howling wind, and as the waves struck the various piers, a spray of foam was dashed over their surfaces, which, quickly congealing into new icicles, added to the brilliancy of the refraction. It was indeed a beautiful sight—but all was cold. Shuddering, the young girl turned from the scene; for while the coloring and brilliant appearance of the landscape, was sufficient to satisfy the ideal of the wildest artist, yet there was a coldness about it all which she well knew was a concomitant of death. Heat is life, but cold

is death, and when her sympathetic nature realized how much suffering was being undergone by women less fortunately housed than herself, she was filled with a sadness such as was felt by Guatama, when, abandoning His ethereal home, He set out on the redemption of a suffering world. She was a girl of scarce twenty years, of Boston's bluest blood, and of direct descent from the Pilgrim Fathers.

Her father was a man of considerable means, and having decided literary tastes, had spent his life in such pursuits. An early fondness for historical researches had turned his attention to subjects connected with the middle ages and times cotemporary with the early settlement of this country. Of the great events of this century, particularly of that part relating to the great war between the States, he knew but little, and he passed through those stirring times

without realizing that History was being made before his very eyes while he was delving into the manufactured history of a past era. Of late he was beginning to realize this. He was beginning to sum up his life-work, and though he would endeavor to shut out the thought, yet the conclusion would sometimes come to him un-awares, that, as far as his talent was concerned, it had been buried. Possessed of decided wealth, even in that city of millionaires, he had turned over his property to trusty lawyers, and they having invested it with that sagacity and skill which has been the great characteristic of its legal fraternity, he had no thought save of his income. This being large, he had saved up much of it, and thus being free from the anxieties of a struggle for existence, he had devoted himself to his favorite pursuits and studies. But when he thought of how little he

had done in this world, how little he had added to its knowledge, or how little he had ameliorated the condition of mankind, the conclusion was being forced upon him that future generations could not rise up and call blessings upon him—that the world was not better because he had lived; and, being the last of his race, with only this one daughter, he felt at last that he had *lived* and *lost*. It is true that he had written a book or two, but these he had published at his own expense, and after having been glanced over by some of his friends, and, worse than all, praised only by those whom he knew were sycophants, had dropped into oblivion. These experiments were the subject of much jest by his intimate friends.

He had travelled much, and it was with great pride that he saw how his native country had surpassed the other nations of the world. He had

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looked down from the top of the Great Pyramid of Egypt and had admired its colossal proportions, but he had seen the Great Bridge over the East river, and he knew that beside it the Great Pyramid was as nothing. The one was the epitome of brute strength, the other the creation of intelligent science. He had loved to read of Rameses, of Cyrus, and of the great leaders of antiquity, but he realized that before the Gatling guns, and rifles of American invention, the armies of the Old World would have been blotted from existence like the trees of a forest before a tropical hurricane. He had read of the forced marches of Xenophon and Alexander, yet he had travelled on the American continent in a magnificently furnished car, and had dined sumptuously while so doing. He had traversed in a few hours a distance greater than the farthest expeditions of the most famous

monarchs of ancient history. He was beginning to take in the fact that posterity will point to our epoch as one of the greatest that has yet appeared upon the globe: yet what had he done towards helping it on? He had not grown two blades of grass where one was growing before. As old age was advancing upon him this consciousness increased. Nor did he have a son upon whom to transfer the mantle of his garment. Upon his daughter, and to her alone, must descend the heritage of many ancestors. Therefore he had lavished upon her all the affectionate care and solicitude of his life. Her education had been a great source of anxiety to him. Yet in this respect he had done himself credit. He had had her under the charge of the most distinguished teacher of that most distinguished city of literati, and, as far as book knowledge was concerned, he had done his best. She had accom-

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panied him on his last travels in Europe, and had therefore seen something, as he thought, of life.

He had lost his wife when his daughter was quite a child, and therefore the management of his household had descended upon her when she was yet young in years; hence, as regards housekeeping, she had ample experience. He himself was rather delicate in constitution, but had married the daughter of an old-time New England farmer. His wife was possessed of the physical strength and beauty that can only accrue to those of active out-door pursuits. From her mother the daughter had inherited that beauty of limb and grace of person that so distinguished her. From her father she inherited her patrician face.

Such was Edyth Prescott, as she sat in that sun lighted window of that wintry afternoon. Would that pen

of mine could convey a just conception of the fair young girl as she sat that afternoon in a pensive attitude, thinking on the great problem of life. The aristocratic face, usually so eager-looking, with its pair of brilliant hazel eyes, and ruddy cheeks, was now wrapt in contemplation, saddened, as it appeared, by a passing thought, such as a painter might evoke of the young musician when trying to recall the lost chord which had sounded its grand amen.

Of late years, unconsciously to herself, her form had developed into a symmetry which was surpassingly beautiful to behold, and the careful training she had undergone had rounded her limbs to that extent which the Latin poet has so charmingly described as wholly perfection. Her chest was broad, while her bosom rose and fell with each inhalation of the air, as can only be done by those

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of well-developed proportions. Her hair was of that color which has ever been the artist's dream—which it took a Titian to perpetuate in ideal form. Such color of hair is always accompanied by fairness of skin, and in truth her neck and bosom were of such structure that once, having occasion for leaving a ball-room to go to an open conservatory, a youthful admirer had applied to her, with all the enthusiasm of his youth, the language of that poet who said—

The envious snow came down in haste
To prove thy breast less fair;
But grieved to find itself surpassed,
It melts into a tear.

The brilliancy of coloring in her cheeks had been the theme of many an admirer's song, but her careful father had feared that it was the one outward and visible sign of the only imperfection in her nature. She was open-handed and generous, and at

times the warm blood flowed to and from her heart in such volume as to overload it. The subtle action of her heart had been a source of danger to her, but the knowledge of this fact had been withheld. Perhaps it was to this overflow of her heart that her generous nature was due. She was above suspicion and beyond deceit. A nobler disposition never drew its inspiration from an animate form. Such is but a vain attempt to portray the character of the girl as it was about to be developed by the succeeding events.

She had many admirers. Her first idea of life, colored somewhat from her father's pursuits, was to be the help-mate of some college professor. In aiding and encouraging him she hoped to find a field for that talent she felt that she possessed. With this idea in mind she had attended many of the assemblies of the students at Cam-

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bridge. Her disappointment was great. Those who were the most agreeable, and were of a disposition akin to her own, were as a general thing wretchedly poor scholars. Those who were of high scholastic standing were either her inferiors in social standing, or else were wanting in those refined and delicate feelings and manners which are essential to a highly-cultivated woman in the man she loves.

This first idea being thus ruthlessly overthrown, her next feeling was that she would do good in the world by being the patron of some charitable or religious institution; that she would eschew society and devote herself to these and kindred occupations. With this idea in view she sat in her comfortable apartment, revolving in her mind what was the best practical manner of making some commencement upon this plan, when her

father entered and interrupted her in the midst of her meditations.

He noticed with concern the brilliant color and pensive attitude, and quietly resolved that he would take more care of her than ever before. A brightening of the countenance and a look of consciousness came into her eyes as she greeted her father—a look which revealed the soul that was within her eyes; for there is no one thing on earth which so manifests the spirit that is within us as the intelligence that our eyes reveal.

“Good afternoon, my child. What is it that is so engaging your attention as to make your expression resemble that of the captive Andromache?” was the greeting that startled her in her reverie, and brought her suddenly back to worldly things.

“Nothing, papa; I was only thinking how I could be of some use to somebody, and not to pass my time so idly and unprofitably.”

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Now, if there was one thing above all others which Mr. Prescott detested, it was a woman's-rights woman, in the so-called political sense of the word. He feared that his daughter would become what was characterized in Boston as "strong-minded," and thus lose that gentleness of demeanor which was her inexpressible charm. He therefore silently resolved to separate Edyth from such possible influences, and as he had been conversing with his sister upon the subject, and had secured her consent to accompany him with her daughter, he decided that the best way to do this was by taking a trip to the South and having Edyth accompany him.

A trip to the sunny South! Who is there, who, living in the frozen North, and at a time when everything is cold and dead, but that would be glad of the opportunity of visiting that section of country, of

which so much has been said and sung? How can pen of mine do justice to that region for which Nature has done so much? How can its glorious climate best be described, or how can the beauty of its women and valor of its men be depicted best?

To tell the truth, Mr. Prescott had thought very little of its people. He had thought most of its climate. As a young man, to him it had been the home of slavery, and, being an abolitionist himself, he was ready to believe the gross inaccuracies and misconceptions that had existed concerning it.

During the period of the great war it had been to him as an ultima thule, and the men who had sacrificed their fortunes and their lives were, in his estimation, merely rebels and overthrowers of good government. Since the war he had regarded its people as

conspirators, members of secret organizations or leagues, and ready, as a solid phalanx, to turn upon all who visited their domain.

He had a sort of admiration, founded on military enthusiasm, for the man who, "standing like a stone wall," had defeated an army that was considered irresistible, and the character of the Great Chieftain who, after laying down his sword, took up the book, in order to instruct the coming generation, had appealed powerfully to his sensibilities; but men of this stamp he had considered as either killed during the war or else dead long ago, and that the country was now inhabited by persons of entirely a different character—repudiators of their just debts, braggadocios, and otherwise undesirable as acquaintances.

To Edyth the men of the South were as cow-boys—personally brave

enough, but wanting in all that refinement and delicacy of feeling so essential in what she termed a gentleman. To her the women were as of gaudy appearance and thriftless in their habits, and altogether uncongenial.

With such opinions, when her father asked her how she would like a trip to the South, she acquiesced without much anticipation of any pleasure, only to conform to her father's inclinations, and to gratify him by her ready desire to agree with him in his plans. Accordingly, therefore, it was agreed upon that they should start for Richmond the next evening, stopping at Washington on their way, and after being joined by her aunt and cousin, to continue their travels where time and chance might determine.

The next evening witnessed her father and herself comfortably estab-

lished on the New York and New England train, and although it continued bitterly cold, and the wind kept blowing a gale, yet the appliances of the parlor-car were such that they experienced but little of the outdoor rigors.

The next morning Edyth aroused early, so as to avoid the unpleasantness of dressing in a sleeping-car before others, and, having arranged her toilet, came out upon the platform just as the transfer was being made around the city of New York. The first object which met her gaze was the East River Bridge. Coated with ice, it reflected the rays of the rising sun, and broke them up into millions of colors. But it was not the beauty of the bridge that elicited her admiration. It was the thought of the men who had designed the plan and had constructed it that awoke a responsive chord in her feelings. Father

and son, she had heard, had done it; and how glorious it must have been for them to have worked in such harmonious relationship. Oh! that she could have been connected with it in some way, and that her name should go down to posterity linked with the memory of the builders of this structure, besides which the mighty efforts of the Pharaohs were as nothing, and compared to which the loftiest edifices of Greece and Rome were pigmean. Compared to this, the temple of the Byzantine Emperor was insignificant, and the Rock of St. Peter itself, although the product of four centuries of builders, was liliputian. Here the hand of father and son alone, in the short space of a lifetime, had erected a structure which far surpassed anything the world had previously beheld. Here the designer, after being injured upon his work, bed-ridden,

watched its progress from his window by a telescopic vision, and with his drawings and his models carried it to completion. Here had been no lash of taskmaster or labor of captives taken in war. It was the product of American skill and ingenuity, backed by American combination of capital.

With such thoughts as these awakened in her mind, she was prepared somewhat to take in, during the short stop in Philadelphia, the magnificent proportions of its famous hall. Here again, was an example of what had been done for the benefit of the future, as well as of the present, generation. This building, marvellous in itself, was made a hundred-fold more so in her estimation when she reflected that it had been constructed in the short space of sixteen years, and by the citizens of a single American city, which had hardly had much more than two centuries of municipal existence.

Cyrus had built his palaces after he had the combined strength of the Medes and Persians to assist him; Alexander, after conquering the world, had found life too short to do more than name a city. The Great Peter, with North-eastern Europe, and Northern Asia, had done nothing which could be compared to this, and the Grand Monarch of France had not equalled it in his structures. But the time consumed at the railroad station was too short to admit of many reflections like these, and, after taking a hasty glance at the building, she was compelled to return to the train to resume her southward flight; and, while traversing the country at a speed which the ancients would have regarded as miraculous, she reflected how curious it was that she had gone over many buildings in Europe, and had been astonished at them, while here in her own country, was a building which surpassed

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them all—of which she had never even heard, much less seen, for, to her shame must it be confessed, that having imbibed the prejudices of New England, she had deemed that all that was worth seeing in this country was either in Boston or New York, and that if one wanted to see the great structures of the world they must go abroad to do it. If she had ever heard of the great building in Philadelphia, she had forgotten it; certainly she had no previous conception of its magnificence.

When the train was approaching Baltimore she was unable to see much of that city, and for some time her impressions of it were of a city of tunnels and smoke, and generally disagreeable. The sun had now come out, the wind had lulled, and she became conscious of a great change in the outside temperature when she went on the platform of the car.

Her first impression of Washington

was curious. A long way off she saw the dome of the Capitol, appearing to equal in height the obelisk to Washington. This she knew was not the fact, inasmuch as it was well known that the Washington monument was the highest structure that had yet been built by human means; and she did not comprehend that the eminence of the position of the Capitol and the point of view made the perspective as she saw it. It was while trying to reconcile these ideas that the train hurried her into the city before she had time to realize it all, and the great change in curvature in coming into the depot having escaped her attention, she beheld, after arrival, the monument on her left hand instead of on her right. By this time it was growing dark. The streets, well illuminated with the powerful electric lights, with their wide dimensions, was so contrary to her expectations

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that she became at first confused, then dazed, and finally lost the reckoning of all her surroundings.

It was in this state of mind that she was not now so much surprised, when she found that at the hotel, dinner was announced instead of supper, or when, later in the evening, on accompanying her father to the theatre, she beheld Washington society in full-dress attendance at the opera. The first appearance of the house was dazzling. To one accustomed to the sombre hue of the black dress-coat and constraining air of Boston, the bright colors of the uniforms of the officers and costumes of foreign officials was striking, indeed.

She occupied a seat next to a person who seemed familiar with the appearance of the different spectators, and who was naming them to a friend, evidently a stranger. Here was an Ambassador Extraordinary and Min-

ister Plenipotentiary, with all sorts of ornaments which in Boston might have appeared out of place, but which did not now seem incongruous; there was an *attache* to the British Legation, whose figure the brilliant red uniform set off to great advantage. A Chinese Mandarin, an Austrian Hussar, a Turkish Pasha with the wildest sorts of rumors about his harem, formed but a small part of the galaxy of those present. It was indeed a pleasing sight to the eye; and to the ear, the sweet music of an Italian opera seemed a fitting accompaniment to such a scene.

She had classed Washington in her mind with New Bedford, to which place she had once been to some private theatricals; but what a difference was the reality! It seemed to her like enchantment, and when she retired for the night her mind was filled with the most confused ideas; she

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dreamed of courts and camps, of martial men issuing forth to conquer the world, of being carried off into an Eastern seraglio and there rescued by a hero, who, encircling her with the stars and stripes, threatened destruction with a revolving cannon upon any who molested her. She awoke in the morning, prepared to accept new ideas and impressions. The Bostonian was eliminated; the cosmopolitan was substituted in its stead.

CHAPTER II.

THE MEETING.

Such was Edyth Prescott, her past history and her present environments, at the opening of the scenes we are now about to describe. How little did she realize that a critical moment was upon her, and that she was about to pass through an epoch in her existence which would dominate all the remainder of her life, and whose effects would go down all succeeding time. None of us appreciate the time at its being, but when it has passed, we look back upon the great crises of our life, and wonder if we could have been the same then as now.

She sat down at the breakfast-table, in maiden meditation, fancy free.

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She arose from it with the image of a man so impressed upon her imagination that all after efforts to eradicate it were unavailing, and, try as she might, she felt unable to banish from her memory the sound of his voice and the light of his eye. Her father had stopped down stairs to get the morning paper, and left her to go into the dining-room alone. She was ushered to a small table, and was waiting there for her father's return, when, with a gesture and a flourish such as only a darkey head-waiter or drum-major can assume, a gentleman was shown by the waiter to a seat next to her's. Although she did not look up, she was conscious of his gaze being fixed upon her. It is only one who has been enthralled by the primness of a puritan's demeanor that can appreciate the horror almost with which she saw this man shake hands with a waiter, and a colored waiter

at that, in this the dining-room of one of the fashionable hotels in Washington. The words that were said were novel to her hearing.

"'Fore de Lord, Marse Ran., who wud ha' tho't dat you wuz hyar; dat I shud ha' seed you lookin' like dis when de las' time I seed you you wuz so bad off!"

"Yes, Tom, I am the same person that you rescued. But for you I would have been in a very bad way. What are you up to now, and is there anything I can do for you?"

Before Tom had time to reply he was called away, and as Colonel Randolph Carter turned around it was with great rapidity that Edyth had to look away, in order that he might not see how intently she had been gazing at him. To cover up her confusion, she appeared to be searching for some object on the table, and he, thinking she wanted a spoon, handed one to her.

This she disdainfully took no notice of, and he, not appearing to perceive this, asked her if there was anything he could hand her.

"If you speak to me again, sir, I will call the head-waiter," was the response of the imperious girl.

With a look of mild surprise he raised his eyes until he looked straight into hers.

To her dying day she never forgot that look. To describe it to herself she often tried; to analyse it she in vain essayed, and afterwards she kept on wondering whether he ever recollected the occurrence. It seemed to her his eye slowly pierced into her very soul. It searched her heart. It read her thought.

Turning away, Col. Carter caught the eye of the head-waiter, and, summoning him, requested that he be given a seat near to the window, in order to see better to read his paper.

He got up without looking at her

again, and as he moved along she overheard one of the waiters say, "Bress my sole, I tho't Culn. Carter wud ha' stuck side a pretty gal like dat."

Her father joined her then, and she, feeling safe from any unpleasant encounter, began to examine carefully the man who had caused her this momentary vexation.

He was not what would be called a handsome man. Some might even go so far as to deny him the attribute of good looks; but there was an undefinable something about his face which, when closely studied, would indicate that there was a world of powerful force behind that apparently placid reserve. He was a man of considerable physical strength, but was so well proportioned that one would not observe it casually, yet his hands were somewhat small and quite soft, a peculiarity in his family.

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His father was a Virginian—one of the old stock of F. F. V.'s, whose manners and chivalrous customs are fast passing away, along with their eccentricities and follies. Who can tell whether the change is for the better? The man who would not sit in the presence of a lady with his hat on, who would never allow a discourteous word to be spoken of one without resenting it emphatically, and who would champion her cause, is getting to be now a thing of the past. The present utilitarian age is more advanced, but it has lost much of the poetry of life.

His mother was a woman of profound sagacity and sense, with a sweetness of disposition that was unequalled, and withal a gentleness of demeanor that was most attractive. She was very high-spirited, but had herself so thoroughly under control that it was said of her that she

was never known to speak ill of any one. The great feature of countenance was her smile. It seemed to light up everything upon which it rested. It had cheered the erring sinner on his death-bed, and had alleviated poverty in its distress. It had calmed an excited multitude and had awed it into peace. Over her household it had exerted an influence that was beyond compare, and her children often looked upon it, in their infancy, as an angel's glance. Could she have been conceived of as an inhabitant of such a sphere, she would have lighted up the horrors of the stygian darkness with the radiance of her smile. It was the unveiling to the outside body of the inside soul.

Randolph Carter had inherited from his father his courtly bearing and demeanor; from his mother he derived that generous disposition and evenness of temperament which so

characterized him, together with that perseverance which was one of the true secrets of his success in life. He had been successful. At the close of the great civil war he had found himself a young man, broken in fortune, but with a good name and indomitable perseverance.

He had offered his services to the Confederate Government when he was eighteen, and was immediately made a captain. At the battle of Manassas he had received his first baptism of fire, where he had helped to support Jackson in his hour of need. The seven days' fighting around Richmond had seen him in the thickest of it all, and he led the charge at Malvern Hill when McClellan was driven to his gunboats. At Gettysburg his regiment was amongst those who made an assault which will go down to posterity as one of the famous battles of the world. And finally, when the

sun set upon the war-tossed Confederacy at Appomattox, he had sheathed his sword.

Devoting himself now to peaceful pursuits, he became identified with the internal improvement of his country. The phenomenal development of the railroad construction throughout the South afforded him an opportunity of great usefulness, and his strict integrity and ability finally brought him into a position of great influence and considerable means. He was foremost among the leaders in the movement that freed the South from the thralldom of the carpet-bag legislators, which the fortunes of war had inflicted upon his people; so, when the new Administration came into power at Washington, his opinions were often consulted and he was one of the "powers of the throne."

Such was the man she had taken for an adventurer; such was the be-

ginning of her first acquaintance. Thus she had repelled him.

As Colonel Carter sat quietly reading his paper, Edyth watched him particularly. Slowly he appeared to grow restless, then conscious of something undefinable, until finally he looked towards her again.

Just then she noticed a lady entering the dining-room and was being shown a seat, when, catching Colonel Carter's eye, she advanced towards him. He immediately rose, shook hands with her in a manner that Edyth could not but own was both graceful and courtly, and after he had spoken to her she took a seat at the same table. This proceeding also shocked Edyth's ideas, and she inwardly estimated the lady as *outré*.

A minute or so later a gentleman entered, whose appearance interested her at once. He walked with a decided military air, and while his general

manner was mild-looking, there was something about his eye which would indicate to any close observer that its possessor was a man of powerful character. He evidently was a person of some importance. Persons bowed to him as he went along, and after he had passed they turned and looked after him, and pointed him out to each other. He bowed to her father as he went by, and, on being ushered where the lady was sitting, was about to take a seat beside her, when, catching sight of Colonel Carter, he gave him a cordial greeting, then seated himself.

Her father evidently was pleased at the recognition, and turning to her, said:

“My daughter, did you notice that gentleman that bowed to me as he passed, just now? That man is one of the noted men of this country. He is one of the L—s. He was a famous Confederate general during

the war, and has held high offices of trust in his State. That lady next him is his wife."

This piece of information somehow did not seem to impress her as much as she thought it might. Here then, was a famous Confederate brigadier right before her eyes. He certainly did not appear as ferocious as he had been depicted, and from the evident cordiality of those who had greeted him, he was regarded with anything but aversion.

But who was the other gentleman—the one who had spoken to her and then had left her in so dignified a manner? After awhile she determined to ask her father if he knew him. This she did, but not before making one or two attempts to do so. Was it accident on her part, or was it some subtle prescience of destiny that her voice somewhat faltered when she asked his name?

Her father slowly put on his specs, and gave him an examination so prolonged that Edyth began to feel a little bit uncomfortable that he should scrutinize a stranger so. At last he said: "His face is strangely familiar to me, but I cannot recall his name; I will ask the head-waiter;" for the old gentleman had very readily fallen into the southern custom of asking questions of the head-waiter, who was supposed to know everybody and to be particularly skilful in seating together only persons of congenial acquaintance or disposition.

It was remarkable how shrewd some of the old southern negroes were in this respect. They regarded it as a great feat to be able to tell, by a look, a man they called a gentleman, and it was rare that they were mistaken. It is said of one of these negroes that he was so sagacious that he was given a good salary to remain at the door

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of a dining-room, his duties being merely to give to the rightful owner his particular hat; and such was his skill in this respect, that, of the many hundreds of hats he delivered during a day, he seldom made a mistake.

Accordingly, Mr. Prescott summoned the head-waiter, and asked the name.

The negro looked first enquiringly; then, on recognizing him, smilingly and with a pomposity that would be amusing were it not for the gravity of his manner, said:

"Dat, sar, am Culn. Randolph Carter. He am, sar, a mity likely gemmun. He am, sar, a first family of Virginny."

That, then, was his name—Randolph Carter! It was a name compounded of family names—names honorably connected with the history of this country.

The love-struck girl, in the ideal

dream of the great English dramatist, wherein he has drawn a picture which shall last for all time as the synonym of a youthful flame, has asked the question "what's in a name," and answered herself, by saying that it is no part belonging to a man, when she discovered that it was the name of a hereditary foe. But there is much in a name. It is sometimes synonymous with weakness; again it is coupled with power. Rare are those "immortal names that were not born to die"—a sinking into oblivion is the fate of most. Few are coupled with an honorable mention among all men; disgrace has characterized the career of many. But, it is the one grand, imperishable thing, that a man can leave to his descendants. Disasters by war, by fire, or by sea, the treachery of friends, the hostility of enemies, errors in judgment, and many other circumstances, may arise to deprive a man of his fortune. Accidents of va-

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rious kinds, sickness, and disease, may destroy his health; but a good name is indestructible. It is the monument more enduring than brass, that a man can erect to his memory. The lofty columns of Assyria and the Rhodian Colossus have crumbled into dust and disappeared from the face of the globe; but the Pharaoh who hardened his heart, and the Sultan who hardened his head, will hand down their names to posterity, loaded with infamy. The name of the Lion-Hearted King hushed into silence the awe-struck child of the infidel long after the grave had withered the arm of Cœur de Lion. It is a glorious thing for one to be able to say "as long as the language of my race shall exist, so long will my name be honored among men; the arch Destroyer of all animate things cannot destroy my inanimate name. It is immortal."

Reflections such as these must some-

times come to all men; to Randolph Carter they were ever recurrent, and their contemplation had fixed upon him a concentration of purpose and elevation of character that raised him pre-eminent among them. To those who knew him as a soldier he was without fear; without reproach was his reputation as a man.

When the waiter had finished his communication he evidently was pleased. He had kept up his reputation of knowing distinguished men, and had made an impression upon his hearers, thus increasing his own importance. When he had finished, Mr. Prescott thanked him, and told his daughter something of the history of the Randolph family, and also of the Carters.

When breakfast was over, her father proposed a drive around the city, and later a call upon the President, to whose levee he had been invited by

the Representative from Massachusetts, whom he had met accidentally in the rotunda of the hotel, and who, having an eye upon any of his constituents, took advantage of this opportunity of making Mr. Prescott an ardent partisan ever afterwards.

The drive around Washington was another revelation to Edyth. She had seen photographs of the Capitol, but they had failed to give her any adequate conception of its proportions, and it was with feelings of gratified pride that she beheld it. But already she had met with so much sight-seeing, and so many new impressions had been stamped upon her mind, that it was as it were surfeited, and it was only afterwards that she realized what she had seen and where she had been.

At the President's Reception she found herself in a novel position. At her home, and when in Europe, owing

to her father's letters of introduction, she had always moved in the inner circles of society. At the President's Reception he had had no particular card, and therefore they were kept in what might be called the general crowd. From the select few in an interior room she recognized that she was debarred. In passing by this door she was taken by surprise on seeing Colonel Carter there, in quite an intimate attitude apparently to those present, and in conversation with a young lady with whom she had gone to school, and who she now recollected was the daughter of a Cabinet officer. Her school-mate caught sight of her as she was passing, and immediately went up to Edyth and brought her into the room, where she was introduced to those present.

Colonel Carter had drawn somewhat back when Edyth first entered,

and it was only at the last that, turning to him, her childhood's friend said, "Edyth, I wish to present to you, now, one of the representative men of the South, in whose charge I must leave you, in order to attend to my 'official duties.' You will be in good hands, as he knows everybody in Washington, and can inform you of its celebrities. While under his care you can feel perfectly secure, for he is as noted for his chivalry towards women as he is on record for his bravery among men. Allow me to present to you Colonel Randolph Carter, of Virginia."

CHAPTER III.

WAR OR PEACE.

During the long prelude to this formal introduction, which now satisfied the demands and customs of our present society, Colonel Carter kept his eyes steadily on hers. She thought it never would end; she could not endure his gaze; so her eyes fell towards the floor, and when the name was pronounced, and silence ensued, she merely inclined her body into that position with which a lady acknowledges an introduction, and waited for him to speak. She felt that she had been thrust upon this man, and resented it accordingly, and determined to make him feel it; but she could not think of how in the world to begin. She had never before been at a loss

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for something to say, but now she could not speak a word. When finally she raised her eyes and met his, although his facial expression was as grave as that of a judge, yet she imagined she detected a merriment in the expression of his eyes, which she thought was engendered by the contemplation of her confusion. This angered her more than ever; still she could not speak, and she kept on wondering if he remembered the episode of the breakfast-table. Finally, when the silence began to be embarrassing, he addressed her:

"I can find nothing more original to say, Miss Prescott, than to ask you if this is your first visit to Washington?"

This capped the climax with Edyth, for if there was one idea above all others she abominated, it was that she was unacquainted with a place. She had the one weakness of wishing

to convey the impression that she was a woman of the world and had somewhat travelled. She was too truthful to evade a direct question, or to equivocate, so she was forced to say "yes," and this being to her distaste, she added nothing more.

Another silence ensued, but this time Colonel Carter spoke sooner than before, and with the evident desire to relieve her of her imagined embarrassment, for he told her that she had then a great treat in store for herself; that there was much of great interest in the city, and that, if she would allow him, he would suggest some places that it might be profitable for her to see.

Now Edyth had been very fond of laying down the law to others, but, having had her way most of the time in her father's house, she did not like the law being laid down for her, and this seeming assumption of authority

added fuel to the already smouldering fire. She replied:

"Although this is my first visit to Washington, yet I am so much of a traveller that I will be able to investigate it for myself. I could not think of troubling you to relate to me an account of things that must be so familiar to you as to become tiresome from its familiarity."

As Edyth completed this sentence, she thought that she had done herself credit; that she had recovered the use of her tongue, and that she had administered what might be called a mild set-back. She little realized the character of the man, however, or the reserve power behind the quiescent exterior. She noticed that the look of merriment slowly faded away, and that it was succeeded by an expression which can best be described as that on the face of a teacher when a favorite scholar is

persistently wilful. His reply confirmed this, as he said, "So far from its being a trouble, it would be a pleasure to me to describe to you the scenes of which this is a part; but," and here he drew his head somewhat haughtily back, while his nostrils were slightly compressed, "I would be loathe to intrude upon you an account of what might be distasteful."

As Edyth had not expected this, she was not ready for a reply when he paused. So he continued

"From your patrician face, I had imagined you were too used to the ways of the world, and too much a philosopher, not to take advantage of what circumstance and the passing moment had placed in your power; but if I have over-estimated your attributes, and formed too high an opinion of your philosophy, I will rectify my error."

This certainly was more than Edyth

had anticipated. She had been so quick-witted at home that most men there were unwilling to cross swords with her; but here she was at a disadvantage. This reply, so polite yet so caustic in its wording, was uttered in a deliberate manner, which gave an opportunity to modulate a voice naturally susceptible of great intonation. There was certainly a marked compliment, both to her appearance and to her intellect, which gratified her pride; but this was accompanied by a tone so sarcastic as to cut her to the quick. She had evidently met a foeman worthy of her steel; for the first time in her life she had been thrown into confusion, and had been unable to respond with that brilliant repartee for which she was noted. She felt that she must rouse herself and put forth her best exertions. It was war to the knife; she would humiliate this man. While these

thoughts were chasing themselves through her active mind her eyes sparkled and flashed, she threw her head back, which set off to great advantage her fair throat, and poised it proudly on her shoulders.

Oh! what a picture she would make as the Venus Victrix, was Colonel Carter's inward thought, as he stood before her; for he was appreciative of a beautiful woman, especially so when in such an animated attitude. But he was too good a judge of human nature, and too true a reader of character, not to perceive that she had roused all her energies to humiliate him. This he determined to prevent, but he was too chivalrous to desire to resent it.

The pause that ensued gave Edyth a chance to recover herself; then she replied:

"It is the part of true philosophy to investigate for one's self, and not

take, second hand, the experience of others for one's own. Instead of what you are pleased to call my patrician face, I have your patrician name as the basis for imagining that you should be too much used to the ways of the world as to take advantage of what was my situation."

This staggered the Colonel. He knew by this she recognized him as the offender at the breakfast-table. This, of course, he must ignore. He appreciated the intelligence of the girl, he admired her beauty; but it would never do for her to get the better of him. He had over her the advantage of an extensive acquaintance with the world, a wonderful intuition of character, and experience from several tender episodes with women. She had never loved. She had repelled all the advances of her previous admirers—ridiculing some, refusing others; but she had the

advantage over him that she was a woman, young and fair, and possessed of a beautiful face and form. For who can estimate the power of a beautiful woman over mankind? Did not Achilles' wrath and Ulysses' shame pay her their tribute on the Trojan plain? Did not the Third Triumvir madly fling away the Western World when, drunk with the caresses of the Egyptian siren, he fled from Rome? Did not the Fifteenth Louis abandon the affairs of France and trust the guidance of his mighty empire to the caprices of his jealous enchantress? Have not the saintly monks run howling to their desert caves when maddened by the ideal image of a woman's form? Have not the literature and the language of all men in choicest words portrayed this theme? Do not the artist's pencil and the poet's song attest her power?

As Edyth paused to let the full

effect of her words be felt before continuing, he replied :

"I have promised to rectify my error in regard to your attributes. I already do so as regards your intelligence. I am speaking truthfully when I say that it would be a pleasure to me to describe to you the many phases of Washingtonian life and manners. You must be aware that you are possessed of that which renders you attractive in the eyes of men. Why should I not snatch this moment from the desert of dreary time, as an oasis upon which to enjoy the flying Present? The sped Past is gone beyond recall, while the coming Future is beyond our ken. With you conversing, I would forget all time. I am Epicurean enough to wish to make the most of the present."

"And you wish to make it at my expense," was Edyth's cold reply.

"If you call your edification your

expense," Col. Carter retorted readily, "then I acknowledge that it is so. But it is the characteristic of a good general if he has an advantage to make the most of it. I vindicate my claim for generalship by making use of any advantage that I may possess."

So far Edyth perceived that she was not superior to him in command of language. She had often heard that Southerners were gifted in this respect, and this experience confirmed it. She therefore quickly resolved to try another method of circumventing him, and, to his discredit be it said, she instantly accomplished her purpose. There was no reason why she should not take advantage of his offer to describe to her the Washingtonians. If she had been thrust upon him, he must know it was against her intention or desire. She had given him an opportunity of getting out of it if he

chose, but he did not seem to wish to get out. Why should she not try the effect of a woman's power upon him? She felt that he was in the humor to be readily influenced by it, and accordingly she determined to use a little strategy, and to draw him on. She was something of an amateur actress, and could simulate a feeling she did not possess. It is a woman's weapon. Therefore, assuming a child-like expression of countenance and glancing at him with an appealing look, she said in a tone modulated to silvery softness:

"It was only on your account, Colonel Carter, that I did not wish to take up so much of your time and attention. It would be not only advantageous, but agreeable, to me to have so accomplished a delineator as yourself. Although it was done ceremoniously, yet I was thrust upon you, and desired to give you a loop-hole of escape."

The quick indrawing of his breath, the flash of his eye, and the animation over his whole countenance, told her how truly she had hit. Her beauty, on the apparent abandonment of her hostile attitude, assumed all that charm which gentleness gives to a spirited expression, and he believed he had subdued her. Oh, how splendidly he looks! thought the young girl, as she noted the effect of her words; it is wrong in me to lead him on like this, but he commenced it and it is nothing more than a man deserves. If he becomes infatuated enough to confess a liking for me, and I then repel him it will be all his own fault.

To almost any observer, much less to one of Edyth's close attention, it was evident that Colonel Carter was on his mettle. He, too, was closely observing the countenance of this fair conspirator. In a tone wonderfully

softened, and with an inflection that now and then struck responsive chords in her feelings, he took up the thread of the narrative. He told her of the many historical incidents connected with the city; how the nations of the Old World were slowly beginning to turn their eyes to this country, as the hinge upon which the world's destiny now hung. He soon caught the key-note of her ambition, and fanned into a glowing flame her slumbering desire to become a factor in the world's progress. With a quickness that was remarkable he indicated some passers-by, and gave her a slight sketch of the character of each. There passed a man she thought was one of the Booths, but he told her that he was the silvery-tongued orator from the Hill City of Virginia. It was he that stopped the rapid degeneration of his party by the mighty eloquence of his words.

He had thundered forth his denunciations against the party intriguer; he had kindled an enthusiasm in his followers; and when the supreme moment had come he had cast the winning die. A man stood somewhat near the door, whose attitude she likened to that of a college professor. He told her that of this man a distinguished European scientist had said, that he had made one of the most transcendent discoveries the world ever saw. It was he who had harnessed the human voice, and had driven it across a continent on a tiny wire, with the word and the tone recognizable. A small, elderly, quiet-looking man next attracted her attention. When Colonel Carter caught sight of him his voice assumed an enthusiastic tone that echoed in her hearing for many a day.

"Were I to tell you the name of that man, which as the old tale says, be-

gins with a B and ends with an E, I doubt if you would know of it, as connected with the great events of the world's history. That man built a vessel, and a weapon to defend it, which undoubtedly would have destroyed all the navies of the previous eras of the world combined against it. Collect the fleets of Salamis, of Actium, and of Tyre, the Spanish Armada, and Trafalgar's ships in united attack against his single craft, and they would have gone down like leaves before an autumn gale. One by one they would have been destroyed, powerless to withstand the mighty blow.

That Edyth was skeptical, and did not give perfect credence to this well-attested but little-known historical fact, Colonel Carter soon perceived; therefore he directed her attention to the lighter shades of Washington society. The presence of sev-

eral European adventurers, who were in this country with the avowed purpose of exchanging the empty title of a foreign potentate for the substantial worth of some American heiress, gave him a good opportunity of expressing what most of us have felt. The fact, too, had lately become quite notorious that many reprobates of English society had been taken up at Newport and other fashionable resorts, and had been both feted and entertained by Americans of good standing, who by their toadyism to anything *English* were an object of disgust to sensible people. There is, perhaps, no higher type of the true man than an English gentleman. He is brave, true as steel, and ready to assist in the hour of need. But as everything in Nature has its opposite, so the English gentleman has his antithesis in the adventurer.

This opinion regarding toadyism

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to foreigners was particularly pleasing to Edyth, for one of her young friends had fallen a victim to this iniquity. Her friend was young, accomplished, handsome, and possessed of means, when she married a foreigner—a so-called nobleman. In two short years she returned to this country, her fortune squandered, herself broken in spirits and in health, and in exchange for what proved to be the merest bauble she gave all of worth that was hers; and worse than all, she knew that her one child, beautiful as her heart could desire, carried in his system the taint of that which must surely bring him to an untimely grave, and even during the short time of life which must be his it would be embittered by the subtle poison within him. Edyth always became indignant when she thought over the wrongs endured by American women at the hands of foreigners, and the

manly condemnation of these outrages, by Colonel Carter, instead of the insipid imitation of their customs, which some of the young men of her acquaintance had taken up, created a feeling of liking for him before she was aware of it.

When the thinning out of the people present indicated to her that it was time for her to be leaving, too, it was with dismay that she did not see her father. Colonel Carter soon divined this, and he said to her that it would give him great pleasure to be allowed to accompany her to the hotel.

Now, Mr. Prescott, of late years, had become somewhat absent-minded. He had met at the levee some old friends, and became so interested in his new surroundings that he had left the White House, forgetting that his daughter had accompanied him there.

When Edyth found this out, and when she had been assured that Mrs. Grundy would be satisfied with her returning with Colonel Carter on account of his well-known position, she consented to his accompanying her. As they passed through the streets on that bright afternoon, it was strange to her that of so many people she should not know any, yet her companion should have so large a circle of acquaintance. Men in uniform, and in citizen's dress, handsome women, and foreigners, saluted him as he passed by, and the recognition was always accompanied by a friendly greeting. A woman always feels proud if the man she is with is one of distinction; and while this was the case with her present companion, yet, even when returning the recognition of his acquaintance, he never relaxed his attention to her. This gratified her pride. She was beginning to

make this man her devoted admirer. Soon she would have him an urgent suitor.

As they approached the hotel he said to her, "I have snatched from Father Time a brief interval, whose contemplation will relieve the dreariness of many a future hour. Recalling the memory of this meeting, I can evoke from the depths of my inner consciousness a pleasure, of which no future fate can deprive me. I must now bid you farewell. It is probable that in the course of future events I will never see you again, as our paths lie divergent ways. I will close this event of my life by an adaptation from my favorite author:

"My only love sprung from my only hate,

"Too early seen, unknown, and known too late."

CHAPTER IV.

ON TO RICHMOND.

When Colonel Carter uttered these last words he raised his hat and bowed, and left her before she had time to speak to him again. She stood looking at his retreating form; then recollecting herself, immediately entered the hotel. This, then, was the end of it all. They were never to meet again; where was her triumph now; what good had it done her to have made this man momentarily show a weakness? Somehow it saddened her to think that she would never see him again, and she half-way regretted that the interview had not been prolonged. If her woman's power had him under its spell for the time being, was not his good-by an

equivalent, in that it made her continue to think of him? Such a reverie she felt would never do, and she therefore shook it off, with that firm resolve of purpose which is so characteristic of the descendants of the Puritans.

The next morning, when Mr. Prescott suggested their resuming their trip, it was with a reluctant feeling that she consented. They engaged their seats in the car early, and having a little time to wait, they visited the spot consecrated as the place where the maniac assassin had struck down the Chief Magistrate of the nation. They observed with curiosity the many different ways that passers-by regarded the star. Some protected themselves with the sign of the Holy Cross, others elevated their eyes to heaven as if in prayer; none stepped over it.

On the train Edyth noticed, directly

opposite her, an exceedingly pretty young girl, who was surrounded by a bevy of young men, bidding her good-by. She probably had been on a visit to Washington from some neighboring locality, and was now returning. Presently Edyth overheard one of them say to her that she had some one's seat, to which she rather demurely replied, that if she did she reckoned whoever it was would not eat her up; at which one of the more forward of her admirers said that she was so sweet he did not see how the owner of the seat could help eating her up, at which sally of wit all laughed. This did not harmonize with Edyth's feelings at the moment at all, and, if the truth were told, it is probable that she looked down upon this innocent conversation with disdain. Her father had secured a seat in front of hers.

Presently she saw two gentlemen

enter. Even a moment's glance sufficed to show her that one was the man whose image had haunted her so persistently. Why was it that the color rushed so unbidden to her face, and that she felt an over-burdened and oppressed feeling? As the elder of the two gentlemen drew near to the young lady who had attracted her attention, she overheard him say:

"Caroline; I wish to introduce to you an old friend of mine, Colonel Randolph Carter, and I desire to place you under his charge until you arrive at Fredericksburg, where the carriage will meet you. Colonel, this is the young lady who was so fond of you when she was a little child, and who was wont to call you her sweetheart."

At this somewhat novel form of introduction Edyth expected to see the young lady in question covered with confusion. So far from this, it

appeared as if she was quite used to such, and merely held out her hand, which Colonel Carter, it seemed to Edyth, took with pleasure, and lingered over much longer than there was any necessity for.

Colonel Carter told her, in a few words, how glad he was to see her again, and complimented her on how much she had grown, both in size and appearance. He further said, laughingly, that she must behave, or else he would scold her, at which her father smiled.

The two gentlemen moved on, and Edyth overheard her say, with a toss of her pretty head, "put me under his charge, indeed; he had better be put under my charge. I tell you what, I'll wager anything I'll make him make love to me before I get to Fredericksburg." At which the chorus of her admirers acquiesced, and the forward one vowed that he only wished he was

in Colonel Carter's place—that he would make love to her without any compulsion.

When the two gentlemen passed her father, the elder recognized him, and stopped to exchange a few words, during which interval she saw Colonel Carter introduced to her father, and take his seat beside him; while the father of the young girl, after bidding her good-by, left the train, seemingly perfectly satisfied after having put his daughter under Colonel Carter's care.

As the train drew out from the depot, Edyth observed Colonel Carter glance at his fair charge, but as she had a companion beside her, he kept his seat. Soon she observed that he and her father became engaged in earnest conversation. Evidently Colonel Carter was describing the various points of interest. Now and then parts of the conversation came to her sufficiently audibly to make them out.

She overheard the words Long Bridge and Wilkes Booth, and then she imagined that this must have been the route by which the actor escaped across the river, after shooting the President. She would have liked to have heard what Colonel Carter was saying, in order to infer what was his opinion about that deed, which she had always regarded as a most heinous crime. He evidently was deeply impressed with the gravity of the subject, and was speaking most regretfully about it and condemning it.

When the cars stopped at Alexandria the conversation became more distinct. She overheard the anecdotes about the seizure of the town, about the exploits in that neighborhood of the noted scout whose experiences and hair-breadth escapes were so remarkable as to hardly bear credence, yet whose after-career in the Holy Church stamped all his utterances as

those of the truth. Then there was Bull Run creek, until evidently her father was completely given up to listening to his companion's words.

Over and over again Edyth tried to fix her attention upon a book, but that she could not do. Her mind would go to wondering what they were saying; then she tried to make out whether Colonel Carter knew of her presence or not. Did he associate her father's name with her own, and did he, knowing this, studiously avoid her? He had had his back always to her, and it was uncertain whether he had seen her or not. Then the boast of that pretty little child (for Edyth could not but regard her as anything else) kept ringing in her ears. Could a person of so staid and dignified an appearance as Colonel Carter, and of such evident strength of character, be so frivolous as to outrage the sacred feeling, love, by discoursing

of it in a chance meeting like this! Edyth was unaware how lightly Southern girls will talk about this subject, and how, seemingly, they will jest about it. She was ignorant of how much true feeling has been covered up by this flippant exterior, or how nobly the Southern women would respond to the call of duty. She failed to realize what the author of *Waverly* has immortalized in such choice language, when he undertook to describe "woman in her hours of ease."

After following the windings of the Potomac for about an hour, during which time many opportunities were afforded her of taking in its never-to-be-forgotten scenery, Edyth observed the cars leave the river and take a direction into the interior.

When Colonel Carter discovered this he spoke a few words to her father, of a somewhat different nature

from what he had been previously saying; then he got up and approached the young lady who had been put under his charge. As he drew near to her she put on a most aggrieved look, and asked him if he was not ashamed to have deserted her so; that she was afraid of being left to her own devices—all this being accompanied by a bewitching look of helplessness.

“Oh! what a little story-teller,” was Edyth’s inward comment, as the whole of this conversation became audible to her, and she wondered if Colonel Carter would be taken in by such artfulness. Whatever the Colonel thought, he was too much of an adept to be off his guard, or not ready with his answer.

“Whatever fear, Miss Carrie, you may have had at your own devices, I had still greater fear of them, and kept out of harm’s way; for if I had

suffered myself to be exposed to your fascination I would have fared but badly at your hands."

This flattery was evidently pleasing, as she again essayed to "try the art of powerful beauty on that warrior's heart," and it was very evident to Edyth that she was merely endeavoring to make good her boast.

"Will he be goose enough to be cajoled into it?" was Edyth's half-contemptuous query, as she quietly watched the moves and counter-moves of this little by-play.

No woman likes to see another receive all the attention from the gentleman present; and while in her case there was abundant good reason for it, still it was none the less unpleasant to Edyth to see this little chatterbox monopolize every one.

Soon, however, Fredericksburg was reached; and Colonel Carter, after having disposed of his charge,

came back into the car and said something to her father. He appeared to acquiesce with some sort of a proviso, and both approached her. She pretended to be reading her book, and only looked up when her father spoke.

"Edyth," he said, "this is the town of Fredericksburg. In this very place one of the greatest battles of the late war was fought. The train will be detained here about two hours, and while we are waiting I propose we walk over the battle-field. This gentleman, Colonel Carter, of Virginia, has kindly promised to accompany us and point out some of the salient features."

Here was another long prelude to an introduction to this man. She felt his gaze upon her face, though she persistently looked at her father while he was speaking; when he ceased she looked towards Colonel Carter, and again merely bowed, leaving it to him to commence the conversation.

A slight pause ensued, during which Edyth's thoughts again chased one another like wildfire. Did he recognize her? Did he remember the breakfast-table at the hotel, or how he had bade her good-by? All these and many others flashed through her mind quicker than the speech which could utter them.

Colonel Carter spoke in an accented tone of voice, but without the slightest sign of recognition in his manner, as he said that it would give him pleasure to go over the ground with her; that the place was so familiar to him as to become almost burdensome from its familiarity, and therefore he thought he could point out the position of the two armies to her with great accuracy.

He did recognize her, then! By quoting the words of their previous meeting he showed to her that recognition in a way that she alone could understand. Why had he not spoken

to her before in the cars, and why did he acknowledge the acquaintance in such a round-about manner? It appeared to Edyth as if he was trying to tantalize her, and she accordingly resolved to pay him back in his own coin. But how was she to get the opportunity? As they walked out from the streets of Fredericksburg, and, after passing a valley, began climbing the hill up whose sides one of the finest armies of modern times precipitated itself headlong against an entrenched foe, Edyth could not but admire the skill and eloquence of her companion in describing the terrible scene. Here was the very wall up to whose edge some few had reached, even although the great mass of their support had been driven back by the leaden hail. Off in the distance was the stand where the two guns of the young artillerist had been placed, from whose iron throats death-dealing canister

had been belched, which mowed down the ranks of the invaders like hay before a scythe. On the crest of the hill had been the man who, "standing like a stone wall," had added to his name a title more lofty than any conferred by puissant royalty. On the hills across the river had been planted the opposing artillery. Colonel Carter's face fairly glowed with suppressed excitement as he told of the final charge and its repulse, and then the headlong rush of the victors as they drove the enemy back out of their lines.

As Edyth listened to his descriptions it seemed to her as if she could evoke from the quiet hills the spirits of the silent dead; that in her mind's eye she could see the mighty hosts as they locked in their deadly embrace; and could hear the roar of the distant guns. It did not take his final *quorum pars fui* for her to realize that

Colonel Carter had been there, too. How different he looked now than when she first saw him. She saw him now—the soldier and the hero that he was—and oh! how her heart warmed towards him on his conclusion as he said:

“When the sun set at Appomattox Courthouse the warlike episodes of my life sunk into their eternal grave. The great principles for which I fought were determined by the arbitrament of the sword. The decision of the sword was against me, and I accepted its results as conclusive. I took up the pen to aid in redeeming my country, as far as my limited abilities would allow, from the awful desolation that was upon it. When you recollect that all the money represented by the Confederate bonds and notes; all the railroad, bank and insurance company's stocks; all the property represented by farming im-

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plements, horses, and cattle, were swept from existence, you can form only a small idea of what the condition of things actually was. The unholy order had been faithfully observed, that through these beautiful valleys such destruction should be done that even the crow must carry its provisions in its flight in order to avoid starvation. When you think on this, add to such a desolation the ten-fold worse incubus of the large class of harpies who settled themselves upon this country, and were immediately seated in legal power on account of the disfranchisement of the only intellectual class. I myself have heard one of them say, on the eve of a great political election, when addressing a crowd of the recently-enfranchised freedmen, *if you do not win at the ballot-box, matches are only five cents; you can burn down their barns and dwellings, and smoke*

them out. When seated in legislative halls these worse than vultures plunged their States into irretrievable ruin. They ordered such things as spittoons, giving one hundred dollars apiece for them, and pocketed the spoils. Debts heaped upon a State by such unhallowed practices like these were themselves sufficient to destroy a community, but when you add to such the further condition of the existing desolation of the land, you will realize that the outlook was indeed wrapped in gloom. Day after day I have listened to the voice of woe, until my spirit was almost sunk in despair." "But," and here Colonel Carter drew himself up to his full height, and his voice came as ringing and clear as if the consciousness of an entire rejuvenation was now upon him—he continued, "I never lost faith in my country's future. I could not but believe that my surviving com-

rades saw the dawn of light as I did, and when the darkest hour had passed we put our united shoulders to the wheel with a solid effort. The South of to-day is totally different from the South of a quarter of a century ago. The same sun is there, but it sets upon a different epoch. The evening and the morning were the next day. Some have called this epoch the New South. Whatever it is, it is the return of prosperity to this fair land once more. When a few more days of warm spring sunshine comes upon us you will see the land put forth its increase, and two blades of grass will grow where one only was growing before."

He ceased speaking and a dead silence ensued. Mr. Prescott was thinking whether it was really so that Northern men had instigated the negroes to barn-burning and such swindling. Edyth was thinking of how

totally different this man's character was from her first idea. Colonel Carter was thinking of the unalterable past. A warning whistle notified them that it was time to return to the train.

As they went along Colonel Carter said to her in a voice whose tones somehow seemed to linger in her hearing like as the echo from distant hills when softened by the lapse of time:

"Miss Prescott, I am aware that introductions in Washington society are sometimes considered as nothing, and that persons are at liberty to disregard them afterwards if they desire it. Will you not allow me to make an exception to this, and base a claim of old acquaintance on account of my being introduced to you there?"

"So you do condescend to recognize me at last?" was Edyth's cold reply to this friendly overture.

She had begun to have quite a liking

for Colonel Carter, founded on what he had narrated, and was angry with herself for having this liking. Again, she was piqued at his not having spoken to her before, or taken any previous cognizance of their introduction. After she had said the words she became aware of how harsh they were, and would have changed them, but it was too late, and, moreover, sarcasm was her very strong point, and she wished to draw him into giving her an opportunity of using it.

"I might have given you the option of recognizing me," was Colonel Carter's rejoinder, "but I never could have so outraged my inner feelings or perceptions as to forget you. Condescension must come from you. It is not becoming in me."

The gauntlet was again thrown down. How exasperating it was to think that in this cool and gentlemanly way he could put her down. She be-

came horror-struck at the thought that she might have fallen unconsciously into liking him, while he apparently was absolutely indifferent to her. Had she known the truth she might have done differently, or had she known of Colonel Carter's subtle power she might have concealed her feeling more. He was one of those very few persons who possess the mysterious faculty of reading intuitively another's thought. Call it by any name one might choose, there was something communicating between other persons' minds and his which enabled him to interpret the thought. He could not tell himself how he possessed this power, or wherein it lay. All he knew was, that at times an overpowering sense came upon him, and with it a divination of the thoughts of others. This was not always manifest, or existent, but under certain conditions it became devel-

oped. As regards Edyth it began to be manifest in a pre-eminent degree. It may have been what the Greek tried to portray in his "Force of the Soul." There was no chance for sarcasm now; he had completely turned the tables upon her; and, worse than this, she began to fear that she was no match for him in a linguistic encounter. Instead, therefore, of retaliation, she put the entire onus upon him by saying:

"Since you clothe me with powers of condescension, I will use them by granting you immunity for having so cavalierly ignored me."

If Colonel Carter had had the advantage over her before, he lost it now. He felt called upon to make up for his neglect of this fair young girl, and it was very far from being a disagreeable task. He took the seat beside her in the car, and did not leave it during the remainder of the

trip to Richmond. If he was a man of the world, and had seen its most varied features, she was young and beautiful, conscious of her beauty, and skilful in the use of its power. The idle boast of her fellow-traveller kept ringing in her ears and continually suggesting, Why not make this courtly man address her; why not make him a victim of her beauty? why not lead him on? She would curb his haughty spirit, even if in so doing she broke his heart.

Whether Colonel Carter divined these thoughts or not, he again put forth all his efforts to please. She had nothing to complain of now—no ignoring of her presence. He touched on the various scenes of interest as they passed along—of where the Great Soldier had died, and how the whole line was hallowed with memories of past events. Each subject, as he touched upon it, seemed

clothed with a new light. Yet this was not done in an ostentatious way. It was the quiet unfolding of his views and thoughts to her. He spoke without reserve, and almost unconsciously, for it seemed as if language flowed from his tongue as liquid as honey. So well did he fulfil this task that it hardly appeared but a few minutes before the train was passing through a town whose stately trees and shaded walks reminded her somewhat of Cambridge. She was surprised, too, to see students coming out from buildings which appeared as dormitories. She interrupted Colonel Carter in his narratives, to enquire about this village, for she was unaware that a college of much excellence was being developed in a place of which she had never heard. He informed her that it was the town of Ashland.

Again, a few minutes had scarcely

elapsed, when the face of the country gradually changed and became more open, and presently tall, slender church-steeple pierced the blue azure of the outline of the sky, while underneath the roofs of buildings and smoke from chimneys indicated their approach to a city. Edyth had no conception of the topography of the country. In all her ideas of Richmond she had imagined it a low-lying city, surrounded by flat lands and waste woods. Her surprise was great when she found it what it is. This was the city of which she had heard so much and knew so little. This long, broad street, down which the train was passing, was apparently unending, and what a beautiful park, what fine residences, and how bright the sun was reflected from the large windows. Presently the train shot into a tunnel, from which it emerged and soon came upon the long bridge

across the James. What a sight, to see the water breaking over the rocks and glittering like streaks of light, and how high the train was up in the air; what colossal foundries were underneath, and what a romantic and picturesque castle on top of the hill overlooking the river!

It was almost painful when Colonel Carter broke in upon her reverie by telling her that the ideal must make way for the real, and that, as they were at the station, he would now bid her good-by. She was partly dazed by the approach to Richmond being so different from anything that she had previously conceived. She did not take in the situation, and he had raised his hat and gone before she realized that he was about to go.

As he turned away she felt a curious sensation; an oppression about the heart seemed to extend to her entire body, and things began to grow dim

before her. By a mighty effort of her indomitable pride she threw it off. Never would she acknowledge to herself or let others surmise that the going of any man was a matter of moment to her. She answered her father with an alertness that was almost overdone, and drove to the hotel without betraying a sign. Yet she felt stung. He might at least have asked where they were going, or expressed a desire to meet again. He was at home, she a stranger in the city of his nativity, and he might have shown them some little courtesy. He might have indicated to her father where were some objects of interest.

The dinner at the Exchange was a mockery to her. She could not do more than taste the food, but it was pleasant to see how the guests of the hotel were looked after by the proprietor; and later in the afternoon she felt quite at home with his wife, who


took such a kind interest in her comfort. As her father soon met some gentleman who courteously entered into conversation with him, she was left to her own resources; so she started out for a short walk, but the lengthening shadows of the dying day warned her to return almost immediately. Her impressions of the city were very much mixed. She had heard of the electric railway, which had accomplished such a revolution in ascending hills and going around sharp curves; so she thought she would ride on it a little way. The car was full as she entered, but she had hardly gotten inside the door when a man jumped up, and, touching his hat, said, "Won't you take this seat?" Edyth was annoyed at this, as she did not know what to do, and the man, though very kind in his manner, was in his appearance a laborer. So she declined the seat and remained stand-

ing. She noticed that she soon became an object of attention, and to avoid this quietly left the car and got into the next one, which was not full. As it went along, however, it soon filled, and then she observed how invariable the custom was. No matter what the condition of the person, when a lady entered she was immediately given a seat. Edyth was particularly pleased at having found out this by her own observation; so, having ridden until she came to the great broad street that she imagined must be the same one on which she had come down in the train, she retraced her steps to the hotel. Her surprise again was great as, on entering the Capitol Square, and before being aware of it she was face to face with the famous statue of Washington, which ornaments its grounds. Seated on his impatient horse, she saw outlined against the evening sky the

embodiment in bronze of him who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen. His face was calm and dignified but full of power. The mighty sword which had broken the invader's power hung sheathed at his side, while the hand that had wielded the mightier pen was lifted, pointing to the west. High on his seat of martial state, which far outshone the pose of eloquence and law, or where the forest state with generous hand hid in her shades the hunter's spoils and game, the chief, exalted, sat by merit raised to that proud eminence. Below him was the orator whose words had fired the land, and the judge whose pen had fixed the law. The tongue of the mighty orator who defied the maniac king was stilled forever, but his appeal for liberty stood embodied in immortal form. His outstretched arms remain encased in the metal's fold.


awaiting the receipt of the priceless boon.

It was some time before Edyth could bring herself to leave this group, and it was with feelings far different from those of the beginning that she ended her walk. Her spirits were elated. The enthusiasm of youth had overcome the disappointment of the day. When she went to her room she saw that a bright fire had been lighted, and that the room was cheerful and warm. She sat down in the twilight and mused over the day's adventures. Why was it that the thought of one man kept haunting her mind, or that she could not banish his image from her recollection? Even in this room there seemed to be something that spoke of him—that told her that he was here. A feeling of restlessness hitherto unknown took possession of her. She must get rid of it, and with this in view she rose to dress, in order



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to go down to the parlor. As she lighted the gas and approached the bureau she saw a letter lying on it, as if waiting. At first she was momentarily startled, but, seeing her name, took it up mechanically. There was no mistaking that the letter was for her. In a firm, bold hand her name was written, and the envelope was in due form. She turned it over in her hand and saw, where it was sealed, one of those crests which are generally used by families in the South—the motto, written in Latin, she readily translated, “forever true.” Before opening it, she wondered who could be the writer. Suddenly it flashed across her mind that it might be from Colonel Carter, for who else could have written her. Eagerly she tore open the envelope, and a moment’s disappointment took possession of her as she saw no signature; but a glance at the contents corrected this. It read as follows;



"Mr. Randolph Carter presents his compliments to Miss Prescott, and requests that she will allow him the pleasure of taking her to drive to-morrow at twelve. Miss Prescott need not trouble herself to send an answer, as Mr. Carter will call in person this evening at eight."

A thrill of triumph passed through her as she read this note. He had not intended to let her visit his city without showing her some little attention. He had evidently found out somehow where she was stopping, and had done so without asking her. Was this an accident on his part or was it design? His manner towards her had been tender. Was it true? His family motto seemed to answer that question. Tender and true. The words of the old song kept ringing in her ears. "Tender and true." Tender and true. It seemed as if the entire room was full of reminiscences

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of him. To escape from this she went down stairs, wondering what her father would say to her going to drive, and, to her relief, met the wife of the proprietor on the way down.

Edyth accordingly asked her whether this was customary. The old lady enquired who it was that had asked her, and on Edyth's telling, said:

"Law, child, of course you can go with him, and you will have a good time, too. I would as lief a daughter of mine should go to the north pole with him, if she could get back the same day. Why, I brought Ranny Carter up, and I knew his father and his grandfather, too."

With this the kind-hearted old lady entered into a long description of the Carters; for it always delighted her to have a good listener, and Edyth proved an excellent one on this occasion.

On asking her father's permission, the old gentleman replied that the manners and customs at the South were somewhat different from those at the North; that here persons had often known one another from childhood, and that even their grandparents had been cronies; so there was more freedom of association. He finally ended by leaving the matter to Edyth, saying, however, that her aunt would join them in a day or so, and that such matters must be left to her superior judgment afterwards.


There is a sort of superior consciousness when a young girl knows that some one is coming to see her in the evening—that she and she alone is the attraction, and, that she knows of the coming and no one else. This feeling, so beautifully idealized in the old song, was intensified in Edyth by her present surroundings. She was in

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a strange place, and impressions were crowding upon her, and foremost among these was the impress of an image that was constantly being brought before her. She looked forward to the meeting, and did what many a girl has done before—watched the minute hand of the dial as the time went by. How well she recollected the allusion to the flight of time when they were together at Washington, and now it was upon her. She went to her room, so as not to be on the spot in advance, and when the knock came upon the door she took a minute or two before answering. As the card was presented by the waiter, she carelessly tossed it on the table and told the servant to say that she would be down soon. Her spirits were high when she descended the stairway, and the color in her cheeks rose rapidly as she approached the parlor door. There was

a keen sense of something—was it disappointment—when, as she entered, she saw her father talking to Colonel Carter. As she advanced toward him and caught his eye the lighting up of his face was magical. There was a look of keenest pleasure, and over it came that smile that she recalled so well. How her heart did beat; she felt as if its beat could almost be heard; and as he came to meet her there was something so gentle in his manner that it touched her to the core. She again dropped her eyes, for it seemed to her that she could not meet his gaze.

With a tone so different from that which he had used on the train, and whose softness so well harmonized with his manner, he enquired how she was. Soon after receiving her assent to the drive he rose to bid her good-night, and as he did so he told her that he wished to take her father to



the club, so as to introduce him to some of his friends, and whose acquaintance might make his visit to the city more pleasant.

She had wronged him, then, in her former opinion; he had not intended that her visit to his city should go by unheeded, and he had arranged to make it pleasant for her father. This conviction that she had wronged him impelled her generous spirit to make amends, and therefore she allowed in her manner a more friendly attitude than any she had yet assumed.

Colonel Carter was quick to see this. While unconscious of the motive, he saw the result. Speaking low, so that none but she could hear, he said: "Good-night; a hotel parlor is no fitting place in which to tell that which my tongue finds ready for its utterance; an audience such as this must not hear that which is for your ear alone. I must say good-night; the

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force of present circumstance is such that I am constrained to leave your presence, but when to-morrow's sun shall have climbed his greatest height I will return; till then adieu."

CHAPTER V.

THE DRIVE.

The next day broke clear and cloudless. It was one of those days in early spring that so gladden the heart. The bright sun and warm wind made all nature respond to their vivifying effect, and man himself, with all his artificial surroundings, could not but feel elated at nature's outburst. Mr. Prescott was down early. He had passed a most agreeable evening, and as he met his daughter somewhat amused her by giving an account of his experiences. Most particularly was he impressed with the secretary of a historical society, who, happening to be quite phenomenal in his line, put him entirely in the background by his knowledge of the early history of the

country and of the genealogies and reminiscences of the families of the early settlers. He had been particularly pleased when, making a Latin quotation apropos of the subject under discussion, which he was afraid might not be understood, he found his listener not only appreciative, but capable of adding to it by the continuance of the quotation. He found out that he had been greatly deceived in his opinion of the Southern people, and he started back to the club soon after breakfast, to continue this acquaintance, leaving his daughter to her own devices.

She took a walk along the streets and tried to imagine how they looked when filled with the many soldiers that had passed through them. She pictured to herself Colonel Carter at the head of his column, and wondered whether he would have checked the rush of his troops, in order to save

her from harm, had he suddenly come upon her on the field of battle.

She came upon two pillars of stone before an armorial-looking building, supporting two large stone balls; and she wondered if projectiles of this size could be fired from a cannon, and how they would hew down everything before them. About eleven she returned to the hotel and prepared for the drive. As the time approached, a strange nervousness kept creeping over her, but she steadily resisted it. Just before twelve she went down on the bridge connecting the two hotels and seated herself by the window. This bridge, so unique in its structure, has witnessed many a curious scene. Spanning the street between the two hotels, and uniting them into one, it affords a good view of the two approaches. Over its floors have passed many of the distinguished men of the State. It is a favorite place for travel-

lers, in which to sit and view the passers-by, and for the gossips to retail their choicest stories. Near by were seated two girls, who were evidently familiar with their surroundings, and who were discussing the last party which they attended. The feeling of nervousness increased upon Edyth as the time drew near; and summoning her resolution as she might, she could not prevent a tremulous motion of her hands. Finally, as a neighboring clock struck twelve she saw a pair of horses enter the street at the Capitol Square and draw near. Long before she could make out the features of the occupant of the drag, she overheard one of the girls say to the other:

"Look, Ida, there comes Randolph Carter. I do believe he is coming to take me out driving."

To which her companion somewhat unfeelingly replied, "I don't believe any such thing; I don't reckon he has

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leisure enough to be taking us girls driving, for they say he is kept very busy. See, he is going to stop at the hotel, however."

By this time Edyth fully recognized him, but his horses continued to rear so as to keep his attention fixed on them and leave him no opportunity of looking away.

"He has got his tiger with him," one of the girls remarked, "and if I was going with him I wouldn't want that little jackanapes seated behind me listening to everything that was being said. I couldn't talk at all."

"I wouldn't mind that," the other added; "you may depend on it that little darkey is as keen as a briar, and has too much sense to hear things. I have heard that he is deaf and dumb, but I don't believe it. I have seen Colonel Carter speak to him; however, he may have understood from the motion of the lips; but, boy or no

boy, if he has come for me, I am going."

During this dialogue Edyth was secretly pleased at the certainty that Colonel Carter had come for her. She saw one of the servants hurry down to the drag and take a card, while something was being repeated to him, so as to fix it in his mind; then, as the servant turned away, she noticed Colonel Carter give a sign to the boy. Up to this time he had sat still as a statue. With his arms folded and his eyes straight in front of him, he had balanced himself to the swaying motion of the drag most skilfully. At the sign, the little fellow became all motion. He appeared almost to fly down from his seat, and, seizing the check-rein of the horses, he held on to them notwithstanding their plunging, sometimes being lifted off his feet. Edyth's blood ran cold, for she momentarily expected to see him

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trampled under foot; but he did not show the slightest sign of fear, nor did Colonel Carter appear at all uneasy at his position. The servant now handed her the card with another famous flourish, and as he did so he said, "de our an de man am cum"; with this he fairly grinned from ear to ear. Edyth's nervousness was now at its height, but she bravely forced it down. Hastily descending, so as to give herself no time to think, she met Colonel Carter at the door, with a composure which astonished herself, but which he was observant enough to detect was forced. At sight of her the horses plunged again, until it seemed as if they would tear themselves to pieces. Colonel Carter handed her in, then seated himself beside her, taking the reins instantly. As he folded the buggy robes around her, the prancing of the horses really alarmed her. Unconsciously she took

hold of Colonel Carter's arm, as if for protection.

A reassuring smile passed over his face as he asked, "Are you afraid?"

Even in this supreme moment of excitement Edyth did not forget the woman. Looking straight into his face, with that look of confidence he had learned to know so well, and which had stirred him to the depths of his very soul, she replied:

"Not when with you; I am only a little unused to the situation."

Beyond a slight indrawing of the breath there was no outward sign that the words had had any effect, but she saw that the arm which held the reins was slightly shaking. In defence of Colonel Carter, be it said, that she was looking gloriously beautiful. The excitement had sent the blood mantling to her cheeks, and had given a brilliancy to her eye which was magnificent. When a woman

like that allows a man to perceive that she is leaning upon him, it is enough to unsteady his nerves. He merely said:

"That is enough; you need not fear."

The words were simple, but the voice in which they were spoken conveyed the reassurance. Edyth had observed that during this time the horses kept tugging away at the bits; but the boy, instead of watching them, was watching Colonel Carter. He gave him another sign, and at the same time spoke to the horses. The noble animals instantly plunged forward and they were off before she knew it. Her attention was so taken up with the start, and it was so sudden, that she supposed the groom had been left behind. She was astonished on looking around to see him seated behind, stiff as a statue, with his arms folded but with his eyes spark-

ling like diamonds. She could best liken his expression to that of a highly-trained pointer, waiting for the word of command before starting the game. After the first square or two she became more accustomed to the movement and felt less alarm. Colonel Carter was a splendid driver, and his horses obeyed his word of command notwithstanding their many cavortings. Edyth noticed that they were traversing an uninviting part of the city, but supposed it was on the route to the more fashionable quarter, when, to her surprise, Colonel Carter reined his horses up before a low, ugly-looking building on what she thought was the river's edge, and asked her to examine it critically.

Of course she inferred that it must be a famous building, and that he wished her to see it first before telling her what it was. He got out of the

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buggy and took her into the various rooms, which were redolent of powerful chemical fertilizers; and then they walked around the outside, where she could take in the exterior. Across the street was the canal, and beyond that the river's edge, where everything was joyous with the reanimating life of a budding spring-time.

Finally Edyth could no longer restrain her curiosity, and said, "I must confess, Col. Carter, that your taste in selecting this building, either as an interesting one or as one illustrative of this country, appears remarkable to me, unless, it may be, that your countrymen are so devoted to agriculture that they delight in such incongruities."

"Do you see anything so horrible about the building or the location?" Colonel Carter enquired, as she paused for him to reply.

"No, I do not," was the frank re-

sponse. "I would not select it as a site for a fashionable dwelling, with all these factories around it; but it has the open sunlight and the open air on all four sides, and I do not see anything so terrible about it," for she had now guessed that something awful must be connected with the history of the building, and that Colonel Carter was about to give an account of foul murder and outrage.

"That is Libby Prison," he quietly explained.

Edyth did not at first think he was in earnest. This building was so different from the dark and loathsome structure that her imagination had conjured up as the picture of this prison that it was some time before she could realize that this indeed was the veritable structure. Of course this city was Richmond, and this must be the place. Colonel Carter gave her time to take it in again; then said:

“There has been such a vast amount of misconception, misrepresentation, and falsehood connected with that building, that it is almost impossible to eliminate from one’s mind preconceived ideas, and to take in the facts as they were. In the outset, I will admit that at times the provisions furnished the prisoners were very scarce, and of unaccustomed quality, and that the prison was often overcrowded; but these things were not the fault of the Southern authorities. At times food could not be obtained. I have it on the authority of the officer who was in charge of that department, that the food furnished the prisoners in Libby was identical with that issued to the Southern troops in the field. I myself, at one time, was three days without any rations whatever, and subsisted on corn, which I took from the field and parched with fire made of pine tags, my only drink

being water from the way-side ditches. You can hardly believe to what terrible straits we were sometimes driven. As to the overcrowding of the prisons, the authorities at the North would not agree to an exchange of prisoners, hoping by this means to break down the power of the South by not allowing such reinforcements to be returned."

"But these are the horrors of war," he resumed, when, on ceasing to speak, she made no motion of interruption. "There were many ludicrous phases of life, which came in as a bright spot upon the utter darkness of those trying times. Many false stories about this prison have been started in fun, and in order to puff up one's own importance. I met a curious illustration of that a month or so after the cessation of hostilities, when, in a little village in New England, I was conversing with a lady who was very bitter

against the South, and particularly so on account of this prison. I asked her where she got her information from, as she said she had such positive knowledge of things; to which she replied that she got it from her brother, who had been shut up in the prison, and therefore knew all about it. I quietly interviewed this brother, who seemed a remarkably healthy, jovial sort of fellow, and he privately acknowledged to me that he had manufactured all these stories to make himself out a martyr and a hero in the eyes of the young girls of the village. He told me that there were a number of young men in town who had a good deal of money which their fathers had made by being sutlers and camp-followers, and, as he didn't have much money himself, he determined to outshine them by trumpeting up a military glory. As he was a clever sort of fellow, whenever his em-

bellishment of a story was such that my conscience would allow, I corroborated him, so that between us we routed the sutlers completely, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him marry the nicest and best girl in the town. His wife never could understand why it was that her husband appeared now to like me rather than otherwise, when only a short time ago we had been shooting at each other.

"Another authority on Libby Prison matters, responsible for many of these stories, and a person who has made considerable money out of them, is an old colored porter, whom the proprietors of the fertilizer works employed about the premises. He was a remarkably shrewd negro, and could tell a person's position in life with great precision. He was in the habit of keeping a number of old bullets, musket-balls, locks, and such things on hand, which he constantly replen-

ished from a neighboring junk shop. These he would sell to visitors and tourists, accompanying each with a plausible story of some sort or other. Among these I recollect an amusing occurrence between him and an elderly lady with spectacles on. I was in the office talking with one of the clerks, when she drove up in a carriage. The clerk winked at the porter and told him there was another chance. The cunning old fellow put on a look that would have done credit to his brother preacher when he gives out his text, 'the sun do move,' and asked the old lady if he could do anything for her. As she wanted to see the prison, he said he could show her around, and as he came into the office for his hat said, 'Marse Reg., she am a schoolmarm; I'se got a bran-new 'count for her.' With this he went off, and was gone some time. When they got back I noticed a hard-set expression upon the

old lady's face, and that the darkey could hardly keep quiet. As soon as she was out of hearing he said: "'Fore de Lord, Marse Reg., how I dun fool dat white lady.' When asked to explain, he said that when they came to the hole in the wall, through which the prisoners had escaped, he told her all about it; then went on to say that the next morning after the escape the authorities had locked the prisoners' legs together, two by two, so that they could no longer get out, and that he had hid away one of the very locks that had been used for that purpose. After bargaining around for a little while, he said that she finally gave him *that* for the old lock, and with this he flourished a new five-dollar note. I was so impressed with the scene, and with the mischief that might be spread abroad by such nonsense, that I went to the officers of the company and remonstrated against their

allowing it. They seemed to regard the whole matter as a joke, and would not interfere. At the same time they told me that I would be surprised at the gullibility which many travellers exhibited about this building, who in other matters were sensible people."

As they drove away from the scene Edyth heard the hum of machinery and the sound of many voices singing in a neighboring factory—a fitting end to so many discordant elements.

They next ascended a high hill, from which a most magnificent view was obtained. Colonel Carter rested his horses here, while he described the different points of interest which were spread out as in a panorama before them. On their right lay the city of Richmond, with its prominent buildings, and its church spires rearing aloft against the sky their sun-lit points, like so many islands in an ocean's waste. On yonder hill had perched the raven,

croaking his midnight dirges for the lost Lenore. There lay Belle Isle, another of those beautiful oases amidst the desert of smoky industry. The city of Manchester was before them, wedded to the river as the city of the Lombards was to the Adriatic. Far off towards the south could be seen the majestic river, on its way to the sea. Its giant strength was harnessed. The low-lying walls and the terraces could readily be traced, and where the hand of man had been laid upon the river's mane, the mighty current was doing its appointed task. The river was deepening itself. On a neighboring hill was disclosed one of the resting-places of the old Indian warrior, since made into a home for the white man. The stone around which the savage orgies had been enacted was surrounded by a vine; the husk of silence reigned o'er Powhatan's grave. The horizon's edge

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was touched at the point where once the fierce conflict of two armed hosts had fought out the first of modern battles between the land and the sea. The silent river was flowing beneath them, but what memories were voiced up from its hollow tones! Its mouth had beheld the cradle of our race. Two great wars, that marked a new era upon the world, were fought along its shores; while the siege of Yorktown and the fall of Richmond settled the destinies of mankind within sight of its waters. Upon its bosom were borne the fourths as tribute to the English king. Near to its end took place the first great struggle between iron-clad foes. An Indian chief, when pursued by vindictive assailants, found friendly rescue upon its tide. A hostile army, such as the world has rarely surpassed, was saved from destruction when sheltered by its embrace.

As Colonel Carter drew these pictures of a vanished age his voice sounded like that of Monker waking up the dead. Edyth could see in fancy the different scenes on which he touched. There was Newport, bringing succor and great help to the ill-fated colonists. There was the low-lying Monitor and her great antagonist locked in their giant contest, while the solitary tower at Jamestown was telling of a time that had flown. The armies of Cornwallis and of McClellan were before her vision, and the thunder of the Galena's guns seemed to echo in her ears. To her it was the imagery of language, but to him it was the resurrection of the past.

As silence ensued he broke it through by saying that he would now drive her to some of the breast-works around Richmond, and accordingly directed his horses towards the

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Osborne pike. When they came upon the open road he asked her if she would be afraid to have the horses put to their highest speed. On receiving her assent he nodded to the groom, who, immediately unfolded his arms and took hold of the supports; then he spoke to the horses. At the first sound of his voice the noble animals pricked up their ears and started. Three times, in rapid succession, he shouted into their ears the word of command, and at each time they responded by increasing their speed; at the last they rushed forward in a headlong gait, while the foam flew from their mouths; objects began now to go by like spectres in a dream, fire flashed from the wheels, and the wind whistled as they went along. Suddenly she heard an unearthly screech, and at the same time Colonel Carter ejaculated Merciful Father. Looking ahead she saw a

little child tottering directly in their way. In an instant the horses came upon it; she could see the innocent smile of delight as, unconscious of danger, it stood directly in the path. A choking sensation came upon her; she could hardly breathe; she caught hold of Colonel Carter's arm, but it was as rigid as steel as he guided the horses; then suddenly all consciousness ceased. A sudden thrill went through her. Her lips felt a sensation so unusual that it sent the life-blood back through her veins. She opened her eyes slowly, as consciousness returned, and saw Colonel Carter bending over her.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed, and then, as the recollection of the occurrence returned, she asked if the child was killed.

"Not even scratched," Colonel Carter replied thankfully. "I reined the horses so that the child passed in

between them, and was not harmed at all. I would never have forgiven myself had it been hurt."

As she sat upright, freeing herself from Colonel Carter's support, she caught a glimpse of the tiger's face. His arms were folded rigidly as before, his eyes looked dead ahead, but they now shone with a light that was almost unreal. Divining her thought, Colonel Carter said, "You need not mind him; he can neither hear nor speak. What he sees is as it were buried in a grave."

By this time they were well on the way to Warwick Park, where the innermost line of defences was built, and where a remnant of the Confederate army crossed the James when Richmond fell into the hands of its victorious foe. As they drove down the beautiful road, which, winding around, leads by a gentle descent from the hills to the plain, an overpowering sense

of sadness came over him. He told her of that morning, many years ago, when on a day although as joyous as this with nature's outbursts, yet he had come down that very road with as heavy a heart as a man could bear with his few surviving comrades. He told her how they had fought to save the city; how, night after night during the long winter hours, they had slept in the trenches, momentarily expecting a foe overwhelming in numbers; how, though time after time they had repulsed the enemy, slaughtering them almost like cattle, yet fresh numbers seemed always springing up, while when they lost a comrade there was none to replace him. He told her how awful was his realization that finally they must yield, but how he struggled against this feeling, for fear of discouraging the others; how the Great Chieftain would go down the line; how undaunted he bore himself

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before his men, while his heart was breaking within its secret recesses. Finally, when the supreme moment had come, and they knew that all was lost, they retreated down this very road, and took a last look upon the devoted city as they crossed the river. He paused; although nearly a quarter of a century had elapsed since that day, the memory of it overcame him even now, and he averted his face that his companion might not see the emotion which he could not control.

As Edyth realized that she was being shown some of the most sacred and lofty feelings of his life, a great compassion overcame her. Holding out her hand to him, she said:

"Colonel Carter, I often did you and your countrymen a great wrong in my imagination. I am heartily sorry for it now, and ask your and their forgiveness."

Tenderly taking her hand, he raised

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it to his lips, while his countenance expressed that which made language unnecessary. The tiger's arms were folded tighter than ever before, his eyes again became luminous, but their gaze was directed skyward.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HUGUENOT.

The next morning broke gloomily. As if to make amends for the pleasant sunshine of the past, clouds now overspread the heavens, and the rain came in torrents upon the earth. When Edyth awoke, a feeling of foreboding was upon her. As she descended to the breakfast-table it increased, and it did not need the lowering clouds to intensify her depression. A note was handed her as she sat down. It only required a glance to tell her from whom it came. Its contents read as follows:

"Dear Miss Prescott :

"Were it not presumptuous in me to call to my aid the author of Lalla

Rookh, I would fain borrow his language to express my regret at parting from you once more. This evening I was requested to meet certain investors, who are desirous of looking into some of our enterprises. They have arranged to leave the city by the early train to-morrow, and it is imperative that I should accompany them. I will therefore be compelled to leave without seeing you again. Were the affair one of my own, I might be tempted to disregard the summons; but as the property of other parties, who have trusted me in these matters, is under discussion, it would not be right for me to neglect their interests. Accordingly I must delegate to my pen what I would prefer to lighten by utterance of my tongue, and that is a farewell. I know of no better way of signing myself than as

“Yours,

“RANDOLPH CARTER.”

Why was it that a sudden dimness seemed to grow up before her, or why this feeling of melancholy? Was it the dismal rain which affected her, and had some dark cloud obscured the rays of the sun already hidden? Her father joined her presently with his morning paper, but she felt no inclination to interrupt him in his reading. Her appetite was gone, and she listlessly waited for the meal to be over. Her father read from the paper a list of names which at first were unmeaning to her; but a sudden interest in them arose when the paper went on to state that the parties mentioned were investigating investments in Virginia, and had left that morning on the early train, accompanied by local promoters. Among these Colonel Carter was mentioned, evidently as one of the important members. After her father had finished reading the paper she asked

him for it and took it to her room, when he, bidding her good-by, had gone to the club to find there a solace and amusement which is denied to a woman. At home she had been accustomed to being left alone, and had not found it irksome, because there was so much to do. But here it was different. There was nothing for her to do. The rain came down too mercilessly for her to go out with comfort. So she staid in her room, and her mind, having nothing else to feed upon, dwelt in imagination upon the scenes she had recently gone through. She read and re-read his letter. There was no clue to where he had gone, or when he would return. If he returned and did not come to see her, what then? She would banish his image from her recollection, cost what it might. Suppose she and her father left the city before he returned. There was

the doubt. Would he follow her and press the advantage that he had gained? Would he know where to follow? There was no indication in his letter of a desire to know where she was going. Then suddenly there came ringing upon her senses the old song, "tender and true," "forever true."

"Come what will, I will not doubt him," she said to herself, and then went down to the drawing-room to escape from her own thoughts.

The afternoon mail brought a letter from her aunt, Mrs. Pickney, saying that she and her daughter Maud would join them, and as the letter was delayed by a storm at the North, of which the rain in Richmond was a part, the date of their arrival in Richmond was that very evening. They arrived on time.

Mrs. Pickney was tired out by the journey, having come through from

New York without change of cars, and accordingly she immediately retired, leaving Edyth and Maud to entertain one another.

Maud Pickney was a great contrast to her cousin. The fortune, or, better, the misfortune, of good looks had been denied her; but she was worth her weight in gold, as her younger brother expressed it, when, having plunged into some extravagances from which he had been unable to extricate himself without appeal to the paternal assistance, he told her his troubles. She not only sympathized with him, but unselfishly gave him enough of her scanty savings to tide over the pressing emergency. She was as full of fun as she was meagre in looks, and at school she could at any time upset the gravity of the class-room by one of her sallies of wit. She was a great tease, and would laugh out of an eccentricity or

folly those whom she could reach in no other way. She was a little older than Edyth, and hence always assumed a sort of motherly attitude towards her, yet at the same time there was the greatest cordiality between the two. Edyth, however, was afraid of her ridicule, nor did she dare to tell her what was uppermost in her thoughts. Her quick-witted cousin was too keen not to detect that her gayety was assumed—that something was forced in her manner, and that Edyth was not the same that she had been in Boston. She was determined to find out what it was, so, when Edyth least expected such a thing, she exclaimed:

“Out with it, Edyth. Has some negro fetish-worshipper horrified you into dumbness, or has some rebel brigadier made a raid into your affections and gone off, leaving desolation behind?”

With this the merry girl broke into a hearty laugh, as the absurdity of the idea of her cold and haughty cousin being at all interested in such an uncanny admirer in so short a time. "Great Cæsar's ghost *rem acu tetigi*," she continued, as a glance at her cousin's face told her how true a mark this random shaft had hit.

This had come so suddenly upon Edyth that she had not had time to prepare. The unbidden blood mounted to her cheeks and set her face aglow. She stood betrayed.

Her cousin advanced towards her, and, raising her finger, as if in reprimand, in a tone of mock solemnity, said: "Edyth, it is not possible that you have allowed a rebel brigadier, in one short week, to capture what others have so far only been able to besiege."

As Edyth kept silent, she continued: "Has he a Rosinante? Where is his

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Sancho Panza? Bring him forth, that I may annihilate him with a word." And again the merry girl broke out into a silvery laugh at the idea and the sight of her cousin's confusion.

As banter such as this only caused Edyth to keep silence, her cousin essayed a different tactic. Again keeping up her mockery, but at the same time putting a pathos into her voice that was almost real, she said,

"Come, rest on my bosom, my own stricken dear;
If he has deserted thee, I am still here;"

and with this she playfully forced Edyth's head down upon her breast. Her surprise was intense when, on her cousin's head touching her, she detected a smothered sob.

That night Edyth could not sleep. As often as her senses began to fall away, and it seemed as if she might lose all consciousness in repose, a vivid recollection would spring up.

Gone, then, was unconsciousness and rest, and in its place came thought intense, with recollection and with pain. The long and weary hours crept slowly by, their passage marked by the striking of a neighboring bell. Many such nights, she recalled, had Colonel Carter passed beneath an uncovered roof, in front of an advancing foe. The air of angry winter roared around. It found her sheltered and wrapped up in clothes. Him it had discovered exposed, with only his martial cloak around him. Her senses passed to those of an unsubstantial dream. Before her eyes he appeared asleep upon his couch; the solitary sentry's back was turned, while from behind came up a spectral host, about to overwhelm him. "Save him!" she cried, and with this awoke, to find herself kneeling upright, with outstretched arms, suppliant to the empty air.

The day now began to break. A

sudden gleam shot over the sky, as if a ray of light had pierced through the mist-laden air. A roseate hue began to tinge the clouds, and the morning star commenced to pale. The heavy rain had ceased and the leaden clouds were breaking away in the east. The rosy lining to the clouds spread abroad; they began to reflect to the earth the rays of the rising sun; inanimate nature appeared, as it were, to awake; and the early chanticleer gave out his morning song. As a low-lying cloud cleared away, the top of a high church-steeple was bathed in light. It descended down the spire. The tops of the lofty buildings now caught the rays, and soon the limb of the sun himself appeared, ushering in the new-born day. She dropped into a deep sleep. The ethereal light had dispelled her gloom, and she slept, quiet as a child. The day had far advanced

when she descended to the breakfast-table. All had finished, and she was left to partake of her meal alone. Her spirits had recovered their tone. With the elasticity of youth she had put her sorrow behind her, as the swing of the pendulum that turned from the gloom of night to the joy of day.

Her father proposed that they all take a drive, and shortly afterwards she found herself again before Libby Prison. To her it was an old story now. She listened incredulously to the tale of the porter, as he, discerning Mr. Prescott's weak point, dwelt upon the starvation of the prisoners. Her aunt's woman's sympathy was aroused, and together she and Mr. Prescott soundly berated the Southern authorities. This began to make Edyth indignant, but she bridled her tongue. Finally, however, when they had all seated themselves in the carriage, and were about to drive away,

Mr. Prescott's last straw broke the camel's back, as he said what a burning shame it had been that the prisoners should have been allowed to suffer so for food in that land of plenty. Edyth could stand it no longer.

"I do not believe a word of it," she said, "or, if food was scarce, it was because it was not to be obtained. I have it on the best authority that the food served the prisoners in that prison was the same as that furnished the Southern troops in the field. I can never be made to believe that a nation as brave and chivalrous as this would have maltreated helpless prisoners, or one so proverbial for hospitality would have denied them food were it at hand."

It was bravely spoken. She was astonished at her own temerity, after it was said; but she had thrown down the gauntlet and was ready to champion the Southern cause.

Mrs. Pickney, for the first time in

her life, did a thing she would have considered abhorrent in others. She dropped her lower jaw, and, with mouth wide open, gazed at her niece in speechless astonishment. Mr. Prescott was aroused entirely out of his usual complacency, and demanded of his daughter who was her authority for such statements. Maud gave a low whistle, (which accomplishment she had learned after great difficulty,) and, pinching Edyth underneath the carriage-covers, asked in a whisper where was the rebel brigadier.

They also drove to Marshall Park, and out upon the crest of that same hill where only a short time before Edyth and Colonel Carter had visited. The beauty of the scene aroused the slumbering eloquence of the dusky charioteer, who in his turn essayed to describe the surroundings. Addressing Mr. Prescott as the head of the party, he said:

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“Dat, sar, whar you sees de flag pol’ on de ruf’ ob dat house, am Gamble’s Hill. Dat is whar de yun bucks and de gals takes demselbes on Sunday nites. In de day-time de peple from de Norf dey drives out dar to see de scen’ry. Rite below de hill am whar dey used ter make cannons and big guns endurin’ ob de war. Dat smoke dar, de oder side ob dat bridge, am Belle Isle. Dat is whar dey had more prisoners. Dey makes nales an hors’ shues dar now. Ober the ribber, dat am Manchester. I calls de peple dat cums from dar, hoodoos! Below dar am Jeemes’s ribber. It am a fine, large stream. De ole Injuns used ter bake the hoe-cake an dance deselves down yarnder whar you sees dat house in de trees. Dat am whar dey says de ole King Pow’tan am buried. Dat used to be de hom’ ob one ob de ole families of Virginny. Dat is whar General Wingfield Scott fund his wif.

Way ober dar, just so fur as you can see, dat am Drewry's Bluff. 'Fore de Lord! how many ded fokes I seed dere one day. I was in dat fite, sar." Here the old fellow straightened himself up, as a recollection of his martial days returned to him, and he became quite loquacious as he saw what an interested audience he had. "Yer see, sar, I had a 'sponsible duty dat day. I was on de general's staff, and had ter do 'cordin. I was in charge ob de kulnary apartment."

"You mean you were chief cook and bottle-washer," Maud mischievously explained.

"Dat, marm, am anudder way ob 'pressin' it; but I dunt think it gibes nuf 'portance to what I dun. You sees, I wuz jist gitting de corn-bred reddy 'fore de brake of day, fur dat was all we had den, when rip, whir, bang, and afore I cud say Jack Robinson I seed de blue coats a comin'. It

wuz a foggy mornin', and dey cum up fore we wus ware of it. I made duble-quick time to the rear, to bring up reinforcements, and I staid dar all dat day to see dat dey wus bein' refreshed."

"You don't mean to say, Kinchen," Mr. Prescott enquired with much curiosity, "that you were with the Southern troops that day, and having an opportunity to escape, did not join your liberators."

"If you mean by dat, sar, dat I 'serted ter de Yankees, I tells you no sar! I fullud my young massa fur three yers, and when, sar, de bullet hit him abuv his hart an he lay down ter die, I marked de place, and dat nite, when de soldiers was retreatin', I crep' inside de lines and I kivered up his body, whar it lay until de war was ober; den dey tuk it home and buried it 'longside de soldiers dat was wid him."

The faithful old negro here looked

furtively around, to see that no one was in hearing; then continued: "When de lectshun-time cumes round I allers votes as de 'publicans says, but when I gits into trubbles I goes ter my old Massa's family an dey helps me out."

To Mr. Prescott it came like a revelation—this phase of the war. There was, then, no doubt but that there had been innumerable instances, where the negroes could have joined the Northern armies, but had voluntarily remained with their old masters. But it was with a feeling of intense relief, he reflected that the question of slavery had been settled forever. Its passions, its pathos, and its power, alike are gone. The devotedness of that race has found few parallels in history. It is well that it should have received so able a tribute as that given by the rising novelist, whose facile pen has so eloquently described such scenes in *Marse Chan*.

During the remainder of the drive a constraining silence rested upon all. Edyth could not but contrast it with her former drive. The same scene was there, the same sky, but he who had lent such life to all this scene was away. Maud was now thoroughly convinced that she had discovered Edyth's secret, and was on the *qui vive* to determine the one particular brigadier, Mrs. Pickney was trying to solve the problem of Edyth's partisanship, while Mr. Prescott had relapsed into reveries of the past.

That night a council was held to determine whither they should next direct their journey. Mrs. Pickney was for getting Edyth away from Richmond, but was afraid of Florida on account of the rapidly returning warm weather there. Mr. Prescott did not wish to be too far away from the club and the morning papers. Edyth took no part in the discussion; so Maud, as was usual with her,

decided the question for the entire party. She had heard of a place called the Huguenot Springs, that was just being reopened and brought into prominence again after an eclipse of thirty years' duration. At one time it had beheld the wealth and fashion of Virginia as guests within its domains. When the iron hoof of war came upon the land it was devoted to the use of the invalid soldiers. On the restoration of peace it had passed through many vicissitudes, until finally it had found purchasers from the North, attracted by the fame of its waters. These were of undoubted merit, while the sulphur spring was specially noted for its effect in restoring enfeebled powers. There was something of romance connected with the name, there is much of beauty inherent in the place, and Maud rightly inferred that, having passed into the possession of energetic

proprietors, it would early recover its ancient glory. It was accordingly decided that they go to the Huguenot Springs.

The next morning found them on their way up the Alleghany railroad. The scenery along the route was so totally different from what they had imagined it would be, that it even aroused the unpoetical Mrs. Pickney into admiration. The graceful curves of the river, the ruggedness of the cliffs, and the fertility of the lowlands, were well worthy her praise.

Arrived at the station, they made their first acquaintance with a typical southern scene. There was the wide and shallow ferry-boat, with its dusky ferryman. The river lazily rolled the water along, the current being stilled for several miles by the dam, which, obstructing its flow, directed a portion of its life-giving stream to the thirsty city below.

Behind them were the high, rocky cliffs, while in front was the river. Maud was enthusiastic over the scene. She put at once an embargo upon such similes as Washington crossing the Delaware, or Charon ferrying the Styx, but broke out herself into the refrain of the Danube river, as the boatman, loosening the chain, shoved out into the stream. On the other side of the river stages awaited them, and they were soon on the way to the hotel. The climb was gradual, so that they did not notice their elevation until, coming upon the long boulevard, the unobstructed view was before them. The time-honored oaks, with their spreading branches, the rolling landscape, and the hills across the river formed a picture which was itself a dream.

Mr. Prescott secured a private parlor for the use of his party, and rooms adjoining, then gave himself up to the pleasures of his surround-

ings; for it was pleasant to a gentleman to be environed with comfort and ease, and look out upon the world from such quarters. There was no lack of visitors, but these were almost entirely composed of members of the softer sex. They had therefore invaded the domain of the gentlemen and monopolized the billiard-rooms, and other quarters usually denied them.

When the two cousins parted for the night, Maud said: "Edyth, if your rebel brigadier follows you into this woman-ridden place, I give you fair warning that I will set the dogs upon him. I cannot stand by and see so much humanity suffering, and you alone revelling in this love-inspiring abode."

With this playful threat she kissed her cousin good-night and left her dreaming of the unknown future. How little did either of them anticipate the terrible reality before them!

CHAPTER VII.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

Time was passing. Already the mild effulgence of the sun had betokened that spring was indeed come and well upon them. A fortnight had elapsed, and over the length and breadth of the land a new life was springing up. The fields were putting forth their increase, the wanton lapwing was getting himself another crest, and all animate nature was holding a high carnival of love. Maud was ever on the watch for the disturbing element of Edyth's dreams, but no one had as yet appeared whom she could select as the one.

Edyth and she had become quite fond of billiards, and they often

amused themselves in that way, either together or as partners in a four-handed game. One evening they were playing a many-sided game, when the sound of several voices, issuing from the adjoining room, (a room that had been partitioned off from the billiard-tables, and which was now the bar-room,) proclaimed an addition to the guests. The new-comers were evidently welcomed, and such exclamations as old fellow, old man, and other epithets, which indicate a feeling of cordiality, were rapidly exchanged. Maud, who was sitting near the door, was surprised to hear her uncle's voice among the rest as welcoming the new arrivals, and began wondering who they could be. She solved the problem to her satisfaction by putting it down that some Bostonians had arrived, and made her shot with as much nonchalance as if she was not burning with curiosity to hear their names.

A momentary silence fell upon the group, which she correctly interpreted as that during which the glasses were being filled; then she heard a voice distinctly say: "Gentlemen, I give you greeting. Mr. Prescott, I drink to your good health," and with this there was a jingling of glasses and another ominous silence, and then a succession of raps as the glasses were put down on the counter.

But what was the matter with Edyth? She missed a dead shot and ignominiously pocketed her ball in the corner-pocket, while a tell-tale color began stealing over her face.

Maud had not long to wait for an explanation. Again she heard that same voice say, "I will accompany you, then, and pay my respects to the ladies now."

The door opened and a gentleman entered along with Mr. Prescott. His piercing eyes rapidly scanned the faces

of those present. When his gaze met Edyth's they flashed; a sudden light seemed to spring from their depths, and his beautiful smile illumined his entire countenance. His pace quickened, and he stood beside her; then he spoke to her in a tone too subdued for others to hear. Maud was hastened by these proceedings into what to her was an unpardonable sin—a grammatical error. "That's him; I'll bet a copper denarius that's him," she ejaculated to herself when she saw the meeting between the two.

He turned with Mr. Prescott, and was introduced to her mother; then to herself.

During all this time Maud could not but admire the self-possession of the man, and his perfect bearing, as he acknowledged each introduction by something appropriate to each acquaintance. He would not allow the game of billiards to be interrupted,

but sat down by Mrs. Pickney, and in a few well-chosen words ingratiated himself once and for all in that worthy lady's estimation.

Edyth saw that Maud was watching her like a lynx, while every now and then she felt there was another gaze upon her, from which she longed to escape. She missed carom after carom, until her cousin became completely exasperated.

"Edyth," she finally exclaimed, "I must disown you. You disgrace our side so that I am going to turn you out and get a better partner. Go! Play a game of euchre, or, better yet, a game of chess, where you can immolate some victim on the altar of your scientific play, for I'll give you credit for skill at that; but billiards to-night is not your forte."

"If Miss Prescott will accept such an offering, I present myself as a victim, to be sacrificed on the altar

of her science," Colonel Carter immediately said, as he saw his opportunity of separating Edyth from the others.

"Go, Edyth," Maud replied, before she had a chance to speak, "and beat him. Redeem yourself and win such a wager as shall make amends for your losses here"; for she was amused at the quickness with which Colonel Carter seized hold of his opportunity, and she determined to help him on.

Edyth obeyed mechanically, and led the way to their parlor, leaving the others to finish their game. She brought out the chess-men, and once more waited for him to speak.

"Your cousin has imposed an unfair task on me, in that she has matched your scientific skill against my untrained thought. What wager will you make as forfeit in case I win and do not fall a victim to your power?"

"What wager do you want?" she

innocently inquired; for, being a fine player, she did not doubt but that she would readily win.

"Your lips," Colonel Carter instantly replied.

"How dare you speak to me like that?" the high-spirited girl indignantly asked, as she felt, for the first time, the assertion of a lover's claim.

Like as a high-mettled steed frets and grows restive under the rein, so she rebelled against this restraint. Had Colonel Carter quailed or shown the slightest sign of being dismayed, he would have sunk forever in her estimation, and experienced her scorn; but he had now too much at stake to be so easily repelled.

"The men of my race dare anything," he said, "when the prize is a magnificent woman like yourself. I am determined to win your heart and hand; your lips are but the highway to them. You have matched your

intellect against mine; let the wager be as I have said it, and I would stake my greatest possession in forfeit for it."

He had cast the die. He now waited for her reply, looking at her outwardly as steadily as he had faced the great crises of his life before, and as collectedly; but inwardly, he trembled to think that his whole after career in life hung by the thread of her answer.

"But you have no stake commensurate with mine," she answered in argument.

She had hesitated. To hesitate was to lose, for, once admitted to argument, the victory was his.

"Make my forfeit anything you please," he continued, "so long as you give me but the chance to win. I will accept and bide the issue by it."

"But you have nothing that I desire," she replied; "moreover, you

would think my conduct light were I to play for such a wager."

"Now, by high heaven I swear that if my unruly tongue should ever say a word which was unkind towards you, or an unbidden thought arise, which linked with indiscretion your fair name, I would uproot it from its very hold and cast it from me."

He spoke this rapidly and vehemently at first, then passionately, as he protested against her imaginary accusation; he softened his voice towards the last, and ended with that silvery cadence of his tongue which carried such resolution in its tone.

"Hush," she said in a low voice. "Do not swear. Man's asseveration should be such as not to need an oath to prove it."

A pause ensued. She had dropped her eyes away from his, and as she

finished speaking she began to twist the chessmen unmeaningly in her hand. At last she arranged them in consecutive order, and without uttering a word moved a pawn. Colonel Carter quietly took his seat, and moved the corresponding pawn to his king's fourth square. She next moved her king's bishop's pawn to the fourth square, thus paving the way to a brilliant opening. Colonel Carter declined the gambit pawn, and moved his queen's pawn to her fourth square.

"Oh, you coward," Edyth exclaimed, as this move, although the strongest that could be made, prevented the brilliant combination made possible by her opening.

"If you will allow it, I will withdraw that move and take the gambit pawn instead," and without waiting for an answer, he made the exchange. Edyth immediately replied by moving the king's knight to pre-

vent a possible check to her king, and Colonel Carter pushed his king's knight's pawn to its fourth square in order to maintain his forward pawn. Edyth next moved her king's bishop to the queen bishop's fourth square, so as to attack Colonel Carter's exposed king, while he replied by advancing his pawn to attack her knight. Edyth then castled, and although by so doing she sacrificed a knight, yet she gained a position of such advantage that it is considered by some to be almost overwhelming. Colonel Carter promptly took the knight with his pawn, and the game was opened in earnest. Soon afterwards Mrs. Pickney came in the parlor to play propriety, but as the game was perfectly silent and uninviting to lookers-on, and moreover, as she was made drowsy by the warm rooms, she soon retired. Mr. Prescott was too absent-minded to do more than make a pass-

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ing salutation as he went along; and the game slowly proceeded, as each one carefully considered the other's move. Later Maud came in and looked at both of them. They were so absorbed in the game as to pay but slight attention to her.

As she was about to go she said: "Colonel Carter, I am going to do to Edyth as the darkeys say; I am going to 'conjur' her, so that you can beat her"; and with this she made some fanciful gesticulations in the air, then, suddenly stooping down, she whispered in her ear, "Edyth, I think your brigadier is just splendid"; after which she solemnly walked away, telling Col. Carter that it was all right now; that she had put Edyth under a spell, and that he would certainly win. She then made a sweeping curtsey and declaimed, "I'd say good-night till it be morrow." With that she retired. Her cousin's playful attitude

and whispered remark distracted Edyth's attention from the game. She exposed a piece, by which Colonel Carter was able to make an exchange, and although the exchange was even, yet it weakened her attack. Finally her attack lost its force and passed to Colonel Carter's side. He took advantage of it at once. She could not prevent an exchange, and he forced one at every chance. Although she maintained the exchanges even, still the loss of the knight, sacrificed in the beginning in order to get a good position, was being felt. Finally, the game was reduced down to a contest with pawns. Colonel Carter made a strategic sacrifice of his knight for a pawn, and by this move was able to push a pawn to the eighth square, thus winning a queen.

He then said, "Are you willing to confess that the game is now mine?"

To which Edyth merely replied, "Yes."

"Was it fairly won?" was his next inquiry; to which again she merely answered "yes."

With this he arose and went up to her and asked, "What have you to say why you should not now pay your forfeit?" and as he said these words he gently took her hand, while a great light leaped up into his eyes, and his countenance thoroughly expressed the anticipation that was before him. As his intention became apparent to her, she drew away her hand, and moved backwards with a gesture as of repulsion.

When Colonel Carter perceived this, the bright look faded from his countenance, and he haughtily drew himself up to his full height as he said, "I am too proud to claim that which is so distasteful to you to confer. You need not be afraid that I would force an unwelcome caress upon you. I will be sufficiently generous to release

you from a debt which seems so repugnant to you to pay."

The clock struck twelve. He bowed as if to bid her good-night, but she had no idea of letting him go until he became submissive to her woman's power. Looking up at him half tenderly, half reproachfully, she said in a voice so low that he had to bend his head in order to catch the words: "It was the idea, and not the man, that was repugnant to me."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT IS LOVE?

A great gayety now set in at the Huguenot. There were arrivals from the far South, fleeing from the approaching warmth of the summer sun, and travellers from the distant North, escaping from the chill of the winter wind. Many from the neighboring country also came flocking in to see the visitors that were already there. Among these was Colonel Carter's elder brother, Peyton. The brothers were astonishingly alike in appearance, but far different in disposition and affairs. Peyton Carter had also been a colonel in the Confederate army. At the end of the war he turned his attention to farm-

ing, but for many years had found it difficult to make both ends meet. Of late years his circumstances had been somewhat easier, and he devoted what leisure time he had to travel, and in this way enlarged his ideas of men and things far beyond his early opportunities. He was even more courtly in his bearing and manner than his brother Randolph, and as great a favorite with ladies, but not so well used to the business requirements and methods of the present day. He was one of the last remaining gentlemen of the old school, that is now so rapidly passing away, and was somewhat irrelevantly styled the "Last of the Mohicans" by the young leaders of the new society. It would have done one good to have witnessed the meeting of the two brothers. There was the cordial grasp of the hand and smile of greeting. The words were few, but their meaning was pregnant. At last Ran-

dolph Carter asked his brother what brought him there.

"Well, Randolph," he replied, "I thought I would run over for a few days and renew some of my old acquaintances; you know it is very lonesome on a plantation by yourself, and there may be some one here that would make it a little less solitary;" and with that he smiled a most knowing smile at this idea of his getting married—a thing a man who is a confirmed bachelor is always hinting at but never doing.

"Old fellow, if that is what you are up to, you must rejuvenate. These young fellows that are coming on will put an old stager, like yourself, entirely in the back-ground. You had better drink some of these waters and see if they will not realize the dream of Ponce de Leon, and give you a new lease on youth," Randolph facetiously replied.

"If I thought it would do me any good," Peyton responded, "I should drink a pitcherful each day."

"You had better drink a barrelful," Randolph advised, for it was well known to him that his brother had frolicked a great deal as a young man, and now was feeling the effects of it.

While this conversation was taking place between the brothers, a new guest arrived at the hotel, whose influence upon the after lives of both of them was very great, but of which they were at present entirely unconscious. It is needless to say to one who knew the character of each, that this person was a woman, and a beautiful one at that. She was now a widow, having lost her husband two years before—a man many years her senior, who left her a large estate, and, what is rare in such cases, free to do with it as she chose.

Mr. Arlington, for such was the

name of the widow's husband, was a self-made man. He knew nothing of his own parentage, and had no relatives to contest his will. As an office-boy he had made a start in life in a western city, and, having emigrated to the Pacific coast, had accumulated there a fortune. By accident he drifted to the coal and oil region of Pennsylvania, and, having some spare capital to invest, again found fortune favoring him. Doubling his investments in the oil regions, he withdrew from business and settled down in Boston, to enjoy in his declining years the wealth that he had made. He had heard of the culture of that city, and of the fame of the university so closely allied to it, and he imagined that a residence in such an environment would have its reflex influence upon himself. He had bought a house; the world said he had bought his wife; but that was a cruel

slander on the young girl that he led as a bride to the altar, for she had deliberately chosen him, in preference to more congenial suitors. That his money had influenced her decision she never denied; that this money should bring her consolation and comfort he had ever desired. She had done her part nobly by him. She had no father or mother living, they having died when she was a child; but her grandparents, with whom she lived, were of ancient descent. They were poor, but so well connected that the grandchild had the *entre* to many houses closed to persons of greater worldly possessions but less distinguished lineage. On her marriage she took her husband with her. At first people laughed at him, but endured him for her sake; soon his solid worth won its way, and he was welcomed on his own account, and he learned by absorption. His wife had made

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him a position in that social world; he had kept it. He had loved her with his whole soul; she had respected him; and when his last great hour had come upon earth, and, dismissing all others, he told her how she had brightened the declining years of his life, she had wept to think that she had not done a greater part by him. Gently soothing her, he bade her farewell and surrendered his soul to its Great Creator with a blessing upon her head. She had mourned for him truly, but now she was free—free as a bird, to come and go. She had done her duty by him while he lived; but now she had no duty. There could be no congeniality between May and December. It is an outrage on great Nature's laws, and she had suffered by violating them; but now December had gone away, and a glorious summer-time was before her. At first she plunged into an excess of freedom;

but she soon became harassed by lack of experience. She was a victim of ceaseless importunities on all sides; nor did she have any real true friend to whom she could apply for advice. Her latest idea was to travel in a yacht. This, too, had given her unending trouble and annoyance; so she had left the yacht anchored in the river at Richmond, and had come to the Huguenot for a little rest and quiet. At once she became a great favorite at the hotel, for she had a true heart, and never allowed herself to speak ill of any one; and her fortune made her the object of attraction, both to sycophants and friends.

Both Edyth and Maud had known her in Boston, and it was a mutual pleasure to meet again here. If there is anything that draws friendship and acquaintance into closer ties it is to meet in a foreign land. Not long after her arrival she came into their

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parlor, where the two girls were seated by themselves. Maud had been teasing Edyth, and, as soon as the customary greetings were exchanged, said to Mrs. Arlington that they had been philosophizing on love, and asked her to give them her ideas of that grand passion.

A shadow passed over the beautiful widow's face as she thought on her fast-receding youth, and the dreams of a vanished ideal rose up before her vision as she reflected on the might-have-been.

"Girls," she said, in a solemn tone, "that is no theme upon which to narrate an idle tale. It is the one great mainspring of the human race. For aught I know, it may descend to animals as well as man, and perhaps to inanimate nature and to the mineral and vegetable worlds. In my early youth, in the spring-time of my life, I laughed at love. In my midsummer-

time I have cried at love. When I reach the winter of my life, and finally descend to the grave, I hope to be sustained by a heavenly love. Go to the forest shade, and there you will see the cooing dove, a simile fit for a poet's pen to adorn this theme. The wild waste of waters is filled with its many finny inhabitants, who yearly ascend the neighboring streams in their annual pilgrimage of love. Across the desert's sands are borne the seeds of trees, which, meeting in their path a proper seed, will reunite and reproduce their kind. This may be love. When I was young it was our custom to spend the summer days upon the sea-beat shore. Night after night I looked across the flowing tide and saw the beacon light, way out at sea, throwing its warning rays upon the treacherous shoals. An answering light, near by the coast, took up the task, and spread its protecting

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rays upon the rocks, and so on down the shore. Upon those waves it was my delight to roam. My sister and myself oft rowed far out to sea, and there we laid upon the ocean's heart and dreamed of fate. It was there I met my first youthful love. Although an interval of many years has passed since then, yet even now I can look back across the lapse of time and see in fancy that loved form. Full fifteen years have passed since last we met; nor do I know if the pure air of heaven now gives him life, or whether the dark and pestilential charnel-house forever closes over what was his; and I have been another's bride; yet this I'll say—that if he is yet alive, and once again desired that I be his, I would exchange all that I have and follow him throughout the world. I tell you, girls, that Heaven frowns down upon an ill-assorted love; and now, while you have still the choice, let your selection be one

such that you can love. Do not allow an idle word, or the estrangement of a passing hour, to mar your future for all coming time. Such fate was mine. It was just at one of these crises of my life, when one word alone, even one gesture, would have changed my after life, wherein I failed. The lover of my youth had poured impassioned language in my ears, and strove by eloquence alone to move my heart. He then was poor. His future was before him, and he had first to win his way with men before he could claim me. He asked me would I wait. I see it now, as if the scene were only yesterday, and but a single night had intervened, instead of fifteen years and death. The important hour came amidst a brilliant scene, and in a hall well filled with men and women in their gay attire. It was at a ball. I carried in my hand a floral offering from a wealthy friend, and made great

ostentation of that empty gift. He told me that the next day's sun must see him on his way to seek his fortune; that an unexpected opening had been laid before him, and he must go. I laughed. In solemn earnest he laid down the alternative before me. He said: 'I only ask you to delay your answer to all other suitors until I have had the opportunity of hewing out my way. You know I am poor, but, armed with your assurance that if I won both wealth and fame, your love would crown my efforts with your hand, I would start out in life with the certainty of winning. I know I have already won your heart; I must have time before I win your hand!' Again I laughed. He heeded not the interruption, but went on. 'You see the hands of yonder clock, slow eking out the lapse of time? I will wait until the two unite in one and mark the period of twelve. If by that time

you should decide to answer yes, take out that pure white rose from its companion flowers, and place it in your bosom; but if fate has it in store for me that you answer no, then let it rest. I cannot bear the pain of being near you at our parting hour with others looking on. Answer yes, and I will find a way to see you once again before I go; but if you answer no, I will not inflict my pain upon you, but pass from out your life without a further word!’ He kept his promise. He held aloof while others pressed around me, and it seemed as if my spirits were so high that they would carry me away before I curbed them. Once I caught a sight of his sad face. Its image was so impressed upon my vision that I can recall it now at will. As the hour approached I took a seat far from the crowd. He moved so as he could see me. When the first stroke of the cathedral gong sounded upon

the whirling scene I took the flower out from its hold, and plucked the leaves from off the parent stem. His gaze met mine, and what felt like a penetrating ray appeared to reach from him to me. When the last stroke had sounded out the final count I dropped the plucked leaves upon the floor and crushed them with my foot, then sought his gaze; but he was gone. From that hour to this I have never seen him, nor have I ever yet received another token. That was love."

A silence fell upon the group. Mrs. Arlington had spoken from her heart. It had been a relief to her to pour out the pent-up feelings of so many years to these sympathetic listeners. At length she resumed:

"I do not know why to-night I have been impelled to resurrect the past, and lay the inner history of my life before you. But let that go. What has once been said can never be

unsaid, and I will not sadden such a merry lot as yours by woes of mine."

With that she somewhat hastily left, for her emotions had been great, and she now preferred to conceal all further feeling.

Hardly had she gone ere Colonel Carter appeared upon the scene, and bade them good-evening. It was a pleasant sight to Maud to witness the first meeting between him and Edyth. He advanced with such a light and eager footstep, while she received him with slow-moving action and downcast eyes. But Maud was irrepressible. She had become very fond of Colonel Carter in that way that two persons of similar tastes are drawn together. She had in vain tried to tease him, after a manner which would have set Edyth perfectly wild, but which he parried so skilfully as to lose all its force. Whenever she was in the parlor when he

called she remained just long enough for him to begin to wish her away; then she would start off at a frantic speed on some perfectly trivial errand, at the same time making elaborate and unnecessary excuses for being compelled to leave him alone with Edyth. As soon as Colonel Carter was seated she began chaffing him, in expectation of throwing him into confusion by the suddenness of her attack.

"Colonel," she said, while a mischievous twinkle in her eyes warned him of what was coming, "we have just been discussing 'what is love,' and a friend of ours from Boston has given us a description of her idea, which was so lugubrious that it put Edyth and myself in the dumps. Won't you give us your idea, so that we may profit by it?" and with this she merrily laughed at the absurdity of Colonel Carter's trying to give to

them together what he had reserved for Edyth's ear alone.

"Ah, Miss Maud," he replied, without being disconcerted in the least, "you are always giving me a heavy task to do; but I will enter into an agreement with you that if you will tell me 'what is love,' I will tell you 'what love was.'"

"Agreed," cried Maud, "and should you come to any episode which in its nature is too much for my inexperienced youth, I will shut my eyes and stop up my ears, and thus be blind and deaf"; for she had heard of the tiger and the drive, and had long wanted the opportunity of teasing him.

"But you must begin first," he playfully rejoined, as he entered into the spirit of the thing. Moreover he desired to see what the effect of all this would be upon Edyth, who was sitting very quietly by her cousin, but

evidently getting nervous over the turn that the conversation had taken.

"What do I call love?" the merry girl inquired, as a reminiscence of a mischievous something flitted across her memory, and an experience in her own life came back with full force upon her; for she, too, had stirred up the grand passion in a man. She had met him at one of those innumerable charitable entertainments of which she was the leading spirit, and her vivacious manners had captured him by storm. He wore spectacles, and was always stumbling over something, and looked as if he needed a nurse; so, when in an opportune moment he had asked her to be his guardian angel through life, she had utterly disconcerted him by a peal of laughter. At the same time she muttered to herself, after the manner of her Latin exercises, guardian angel—*videlicet*, wearer of the pantaloon. Her domine,

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as she facetiously nicknamed him, never had the courage to approach her again. It was sometimes an amusement for her to see him furtively glance out of the sides of his spectacles as she came in his neighborhood; but he beat such precipitate retreats that she never could overtake him. Soon their paths in life drifted apart, and the leaf was turned down over her first love-scene.

"What do I call love?" she asked again. "It is the essence of the concentrated extract of the human heart. It begins with the child at its birth; it ends with old age at the grave. You will see the youngest school-boy laden with the books of his little sweetheart. Tottering along under his extra load, he is the incarnation of an early love. Grown older, he is too shy to talk, but sits afar off and speaks with his eyes. Sometimes he builds an edifice of mud, which his

vivid imagination transforms into a dwelling, and which he fills with his imaginings. Again, grown older, his youthful ardor tinges his dreams with images of houris. His fancy dwells upon the East, and he luxuriates in the harem's smiles. A man, and visions of a home, made sweetly welcome from a wife and child, rise up before him. But the fond devotion of a woman's love cannot find attribute in words. Language cannot express the subtle influence that is there. The Tartar maiden mounts her steed and flees, and calls that love. The Indian virgin sits and smiles, and is exchanged for so much barter. She thinks that's love. It lurks in palaces and stately halls. It builds the cottage and the robin's nest. It's found around the fireside. It dwells amidst the flowers. It forms a prize for which men often strive in arms. Again, it hovers over

their recreation and their games. I've known the royal game to hide young love."

She spoke with a comic seriousness and with a swing like that of a school-boy repeating an early lesson in elocution. Her parody was perfect. Hers was somewhat akin to bright Mercutio's style when that witty gallant laughed at love. The last sentence was a heavy hit at the Colonel and Edyth; but he parried it with a good-humored remark.


"Now, Colonel," she demanded, "it is your turn to tell us what is love."

He paused a little. A shadow passed over his countenance, which just before had been lighted up with amusement at her clever recital. He was contrasting his present feeling towards the fair young girl—whose heart he knew he had now won, and whose hand he expected to claim

when the autumn leaves would begin to fall—with the fiery passion of his earlier youth. He had long thought that he would tell her of it; that he would candidly confess to her that he had loved before, and lay open his whole life to her, so that there should be no secrets between them. That there should be absolute confidence between them he knew would be the one eternal bulwark of their love. But he had not courage to do it yet. When he was alone with her, time was too precious to be wasted on the past; the present was to be enjoyed to the utmost. He clothed his language in allegory, but he told her thus of his early love, little dreaming that she had heard it just before:

“You ask me what is love. I will reply by telling what love was. Many years ago, when the dark cloud of war had burst upon this land, and, having spread destruction before it,

had ended with the calm that succeeds a storm, a young man found himself on his father's fields, with enough saved to start again in life on the road to fortune. He collected all the produce and the materials of the farm into one building and adjoining lot, so as to be ready then for shipment to the foreign trade. But the wild passions lately stirred by war found far greater evils in the so-called peace. A host of wicked scoundrels came upon the land, worse than any form of war, since they were cowards, and did in darkness their foul deeds. One such found credence with the idle blacks, and put such vicious ideas in their ignorant minds that they followed him like sheep and did his bidding. He told them that these savings all were theirs, and that all they had to do was just to wait until the night brought covering to their deeds, when they could take all—the theft to



be concealed by burning the barn. They did it. One slight stroke of the match, and in an instant the accumulated wealth of years was wrapped in flames. What wonder is it that when this foul deed was done my hero was forced to seek in other climes the road to fortune. He left his native land for many years, but when at last he had enriched himself he returned, and with his means and skill aided his country's progress. Meanwhile he passed through many vicissitudes of place and things. His path in life once led him to the ocean's side. There he had met two sisters, in their early youth great rovers on its wave. When youth and beauty come in contact with an ardent soul, it is but nature that they think as one. He loved. Far out at sea he sent his signal light, which, answering with her parlor lamp, made meeting certain. When angry winter, close

following on the summer's joys, drove them to shelter in the city's hills, they met again. His open-sesame of lineage made him welcome at the feast, and for skilled and easy motion he was sought for in the dance. They often met abroad. At home he sometimes sought her, but there his presence was not welcomed by its inmates, since a wealthier suitor was preferred. At last an opening came for him in life, but it required that he should go and hunt in other regions for its wealth. He sought her out to tell her of his gain; that he must go, and ask her that she wait. He found her midst a brilliant scene, in gay attire, enjoying time in measures of the mazy dance. She carried in her hand some flowers, whose perfumed richness she inhaled quite often, though those flowers, when marked by contrast with her damask cheek, were put to shame. He told her that his

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hour had come; that he must go, and she must say that night the word whose promise would urge him on to win his recompense from her, or end his woe (for love is often woe). The time was inauspicious, for the whirl and rush of many dancers shared the time wherein he could plead with her. He told her when the dial hand struck twelve upon a clock which near by measured out the time alike to grave and gay, she must decide. If for him, then she must take a flower and place it in her bosom; but if not, she was to omit that sign. Time crept along. At last the minute hand approached the sign which marks high noon or else the hour when evil spirits leave their homes and wander o'er the land. As the hour drew near she took from its companions a sweet rose. Now had the moment of decision come. His blood coursed rapid through his veins. His breath came fast. His

nerves were strung up to their highest pitch. He once had stood as steady as the rock itself by Stonewall Jackson's side. He oft had faced the leaden messenger of death, and had not quailed. He had led a troop of men far up a hillside slope whose crest was serried with the cannons' mouths, and had not feared. But now, before this fair young girl, whose frame he could have crushed with his stout hand, he trembled and grew pale. That was love. The hammer's stroke fell on the silent gong, and one sound came out from its pent-up home. She plucked a leaf off from the parent stem, and listened. Again a tone, that seemed to execrate the hammer's blow, came ringing round the room. She plucked some other leaves, then listened. A harsh and broken noise now ushered in the third alarm. Again she stripped the blooming flower of some fair leaves, then waited for the gong. In his native

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village he had heard the church-bell mark the flight of time. Its notes had echoed through the fields, and had come as music when the day's work was done. In the morn it called to energy and life from unsubstantial dreams. Therefore he had learned to love the music of that church-like tone. But the sound that now beat, clamoring in his ears, changed into discord those fond dreams. From that hour he never could endure those sweet cathedral tones. When the last stroke had finished she threw down the unoffending leaves and crushed them with her foot. Joy-bearing-hope faded away at the fall of the flowers, and love fled at the death of hope."

As it gradually became apparent that the tales of Colonel Carter and Mrs. Arlington were the same, Maud concluded that it was time for her to go; that it would never do for her to remain any longer, and she had quietly

arisen, and was going on tiptoe from the room as he ceased speaking.

After he had paused a moment, he leaned over, and, in a tone so low that she alone could hear, said to Edyth: "Darling, what do you call love?"

The question was very sudden; the emotions she had experienced when Mrs. Arlington told her tale were those of deepest sympathy. She was alternately pleased and dismayed at Maud's delineation; but when the only man she had ever loved told her thus of his love for another, and that, too, for one who had just confessed an eternal fealty towards himself, she was overcome. The blood surged to her heart, and when he called her for the first time by a name she had sometimes only dared to whisper to herself, it was too much. Her senses reeled. As her cousin, thoroughly alarmed, bent over her prostrate form, she whispered, "this is love."

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

The gaiety at the Huguenot was at its height. Balls and theatricals were on the tapis, and innumerable drives and excursions on the river were being planned. The dam at Maiden's Adventure, where the legend had it that her lover's life was saved by a young girl swimming the river and giving him timely warning, was most popular with those romantically inclined. Its broad sheet, extending far up the river, gave abundant opportunity for imagination to line its shores with fancied creations. The rocks overhanging the river were well adapted for the artist's brush, and the wide expanse of water fur-

nished a field for the sportsman's skill.

As Colonel Carter was preparing the next evening to attend one of the full-dress balls, he was taken by surprise by his brother coming in somewhat excitedly and exclaiming, "They've done it, they've done it; these waters have done it." When asked to explain what had been done, he took no notice of the question, but paraded up and down the room, now and then scanning his reflection in the looking-glass. Randolph Carter looked at his brother in silent amazement, which was intensified by his immediate question.

"Ran.," he said, "now, putting all joking aside, don't you think I've spruced up wonderfully in the last few days, and have gotten to be a good-looking fellow?"

A horrible suspicion began to take hold of Randolph, that Peyton might

have gone crazy. Before he had time to frame a suitable reply Peyton continued :

"You know, Ran., you advised me to drink a barrel full of these waters. Well, I went at it systematically, and I believe I have so far gotten through with half a one. It has done me a world of good. I feel as if I was fully equal to these young whippersnappers, that can dance all night and not mind it the next day; and I'll tell you, Ran., this rejuvenation has enabled me to capture a young and handsome widow who has just arrived at the hotel."

Randolph Carter was in a dilemma. His brother's antics were so strange, and his language so excited, that he felt sure that some untoward accident had thrown his reason from its balance, and that he was not himself. He had heard that the best way was to humor persons in this condition,

therefore he said: "Tell me all about it, old fellow."

His brother assumed a more rational tone and said: "You see, Ran., I was coming through the long corridor of the hotel, near the ladies' parlor, just about dusk, when I met the handsome widow. She had been pointed out to me, so that I knew her by sight, and I was casting about in my mind how to get an early introduction to her, so as to have an anchor to windward, as these yachting fellows say, the aforesaid windward being the host of young duffers that always hang around a rich woman, when, judge of my surprise as she held out her hand and said, 'Mr. Carter, is it possible that we have met again, in this remote region, after so many years of separation?' Now you know, Ran., I always keep an eye on the coast to see that it is clear; well I was pretty sure that

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nobody was about, and besides it was a little dark, so, when I took her hand it was so soft and small that I could not help kissing it. I would never have had the assurance to have done this, had it not been for that half-barrel. I expected to have received a severe overhauling, but I was feeling my oats and was ready for it. Well, sir, instead of giving me Jesse, she blushed crimson and said, 'you have not, then, forgotten the past?' Now, I have often thought that in my early youth I might have whispered soft nothings into a willing ear; and afterwards, to my shame be it said, have forgotten all about it, and although, to save my neck, I could not recollect where I had met this Dulcinea before, yet I did something very much like what a trooper is supposed to do. I told her that it was best that the past should be forgotten, but that she herself could never

be forgot. I must have made a lucky hit. She replied that the past must be forgiven in order to be forgot. I still retained her hand, which I thought it opportune to squeeze. She gently released it. She told me that she had a yacht anchored in the river, and asked me would I take a cruise with her and her duenna. Barkis was very willing, and we go on board to-night, so as to take the early morning tide. In fact, the train leaves in half an hour, so I must be getting ready."

This lengthy explanation relieved Randolph's mind from apprehension of his brother's sanity, but it was rather strange.

"What did you say was the name of your innamorata?" he asked, as he tried to reconcile the phenomenon of Peyton's rapid success with the usual dilatory proceedings in such cases.

"I did not mention the name,"

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Peyton replied, "but she is a Mrs. Arlington, from Boston."

A glimmering of the truth flashed across his mind.

"Do you know her name before her marriage, or can you describe her appearance?" Randolph queried.

"I might as well attempt to paint the Sistine Madonna or sing the Last Farewell as to endeavor to do justice to her appearance by a description," Peyton enthusiastically replied. "Her maiden name was Stanley, Irene Stanley!"

That name, which he had not dared to breathe for many years, for fear it might awake a slumbering passion from its buried hold, was spoken to him unconcernedly by his brother. He had thought its mention would unloose a wild and frenzied longing, but the name had lost its magic power. The flame which once had burned with such consuming heat had

now died out and left but ashes. Man can put out the light, but who can start the vital flame again?

As soon as his brother mentioned the name, Randolph Carter perceived that his surmise was correct; that this indeed was his early love, and that accident had once more brought their paths together. He now understood how it was that she had taken his brother for himself, and was under a delusion. Should he speak, or, by keeping silent, allow the error to go on?

"Peyton," he finally said, "you are playing a dangerous game; your fond Dulcinea has probably taken you for some one else, and will soon unmask you. However, there is no reason why you should not go; but do not deceive her in any manner, shape or form. Should she allude to the 'dead past,' you answer with the 'living present.' Now, fare you well."

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The brothers parted with high hopes and dreams. They little realized what a heavy blow fate had in keeping for one of them, and under what trying circumstances they would meet again.

While this conversation was taking place between the brothers, a somewhat similar one was taking place between two *attaches* of the hotel, and which Edyth accidentally overheard. She, too, was about to get ready for the ball, and had left their parlor for that purpose, leaving the door, which connected her room with it, somewhat ajar. The colored servant-girl came in to rekindle the fire, when a fellow-servant followed her in, and soliloquized somewhat as follows:

"'Fore de Lor! Lucindy, don't talk 'bout de white folks and de colored ladies. I'se seed a little while go a white lady carry on shameful.

Why, I'd had mor' mods'ty dan dat mysef. It war like dis. Datar white lady dat am got a boat down yonder in de ribber—dey calls it sum hifiluting name, but it am no mor' dan a boat—she comes out of de parlor jest 'bout same time Culn. Carter, he comes along de flor. Culn. Carter, he am a mighty likely gemmun, dow my flow-man, Pete, sez he do drink dese here sulfur waters mor' dan any pusson he eber did see. I spose dat what mak him so frisky. Well, he cums 'long, as I sez, jest as de white lady cums out. Wal, what you spose she do? She put out her hand jest like dis, and sez sumthing 'bout 'cognizin' him, and forgiben, an all dat ar trash. Culn. Carter no mor' idee who she war dan a man in de moon; but de ole sinner, don't you bliebe he had de imperence nuf to shake hans, and den he smacked it, den kept hold ob it. I don't blame de Culn. much, for eny

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man dat am eny count will buck up to a gal if she let him; but dat ar white lady jest gib him all de chance he want. She ax him to go wid hur on dat boat, and go a sumthing I dunno much 'bout; sumthing like bruizing. She tell him he muss go rite off, to tek a mornin' ride, and I jest now seed dem go down to de train dat goes to Richmond dis ebening. Dat ar white lady was gwine to stay here sum time, but after she cotched de Culn. she husle him rite 'bout. I calls dat a fur-rard thing in hur. How kin deyspose de cullud lady gwine do diffrent when de white lady carries on like dat?"

Edyth by this time had grown sufficiently familiar with the negro dialect to understand. She stood spell-bound as she listened. She had not yet met Peyton Carter, nor did she know of his arrival. The coincidence of the two accounts of their

early loves left no doubt in her mind but that the old love had prevailed, and that she had been abandoned. Oh, how she had been mistaken in this man! He had appeared to her all that was noble and generous and good. She had thrilled with pride whenever the success which he had won had been brought before her. She had entered thoroughly into his aims and ambition in life, and shared them with him. Oh, how well he filled that aching void which her helpless womanhood had created, by her desire to share in the world's great progress. Must she descend to the ignoble routine of her former life, and end her days in commonplace beatitudes? And he was gone, already gone, without one word of warning or a last farewell! It was better so; the one sharp cut of the knife, the sudden wrench, is better than a drawn-out pain. She would forgive, but she

could ne'er forget. It was no fault of hers that in an era when she was yet a child he should have loved; that in the spring-time of her life she should be spurned—that struck a seething-iron in her soul. But let him go. She'd not condemn him till she heard him tell what he might have to say why he should not forfeit all esteem and love. Should he never have the strength to tell his weakness it might go untold. But let him go. The world should never see that she had cared. She would be gay and smile, so they would not know. To-night she'd revel in the dance, and suffer with the sun. When she had braved it all she would retire, and none should know. Had she the strength to do it? If hers failed, there was the artificial stimulant whose taste would aid her to it. When it was done she'd leave this spot, so hallowed yet so sad. But to-night; there was

the rub. As yet she was arrayed but scantily. She would put on such raiment as would become her best, then join the throng.

A sudden inhalation seemed to lift the load from off her spirits. A quickened step, which she had learned to tell, a voice whose every flexion she now knew so well, her ear arrested. Could it be that memory had evoked an echo from its cave to haunt her with its presence! Again that voice; this time distinct and true. "Tell her I'll wait in here." The card, the voice, the name, the unseen presence in the neighboring room—all proved that he was there. She paused to gather thought, to feel that this was real, and to keep still the wild tumult in her heart and soul. Time passed unheeded till the tiny bell chimed from her clock the quarter hour that he had waited. She must delay no longer. Hastily donning her other raiment,

and hurriedly fastening it, she entered. Wearied with waiting, her lover had reclined his head upon his hand, and was reposing in the arms of sleep. She walked on tiptoe till she stood beside him, then a wild and sudden longing to gently touch his forehead with her lips, as plea for pardon for the wrong she just now did him, took strong hold upon her. She had stooped to carry out this inspiration when a soft and radiant smile overspread his countenance. He awoke.

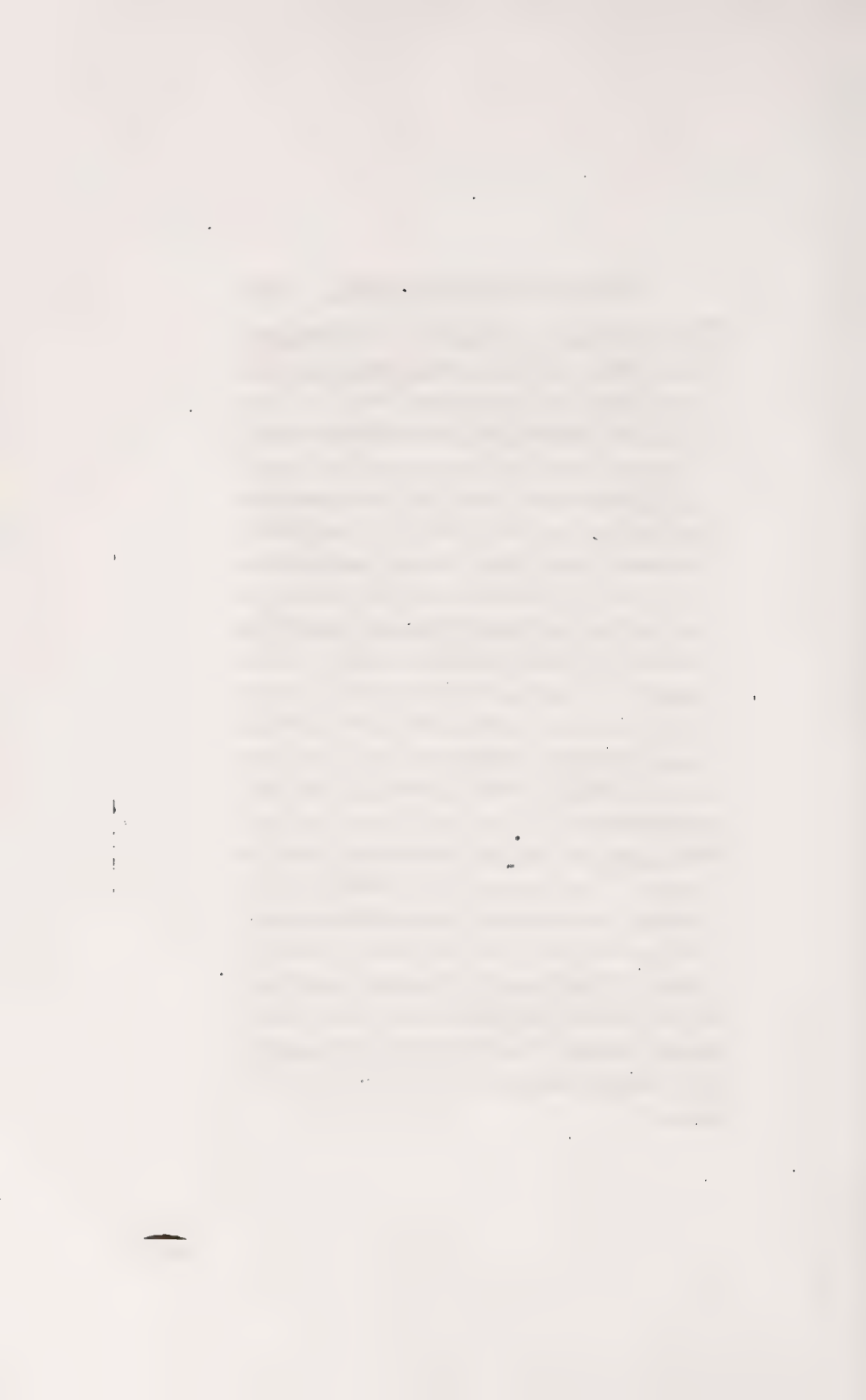
"Light of my soul," he cried, "do you indeed stand thus before me, or has some unsubstantial emanation from my brain evoked your image so to mock me?"

This impassioned language somewhat startled her, and she drew back. Hastily springing up, he took her hand to prevent all further separation, and continued: "Do not leave me, or thus draw away, as if our

contact was as that of a loathsome something or the contamination of a death-darting cockatrice."

Again she somewhat drew away to slightly soften his increasing fervor. He gently put his arm around her waist and held her firmly, though she resisted this. Her dress became entangled in his sleeve and her struggle broke its fastening from around her throat. Quick as a lightning flash he stooped and kissed her; there where the tender nerves are concentrated in their greatest strength his lips just touched her. The life-blood, throbbing with its greatest force, received an impulse which extended to the heart. The accumulated strain broke down its valves and pulsation ceased.

Her spirit fled up to its starry home. The Great Creator received into His fold once more the living soul, and the King of Terrors claimed the extinct form, for love to her was death.







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